


MEMOIRS

Lillian Crane Southall



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TO OUR CHILDREN - from your Mother's memories

I. Youth

Since I think we have led a long and interesting, sometimes exciting, often distressing life, built on faith and love ...I thought you might like to read it.

To begin with, I was born October 31, 1915 in Soonchun (Peaceful Heaven) Korea. My parents, Florence Hedleston and Curtis Crane, had come to this remote village near the coast of South Korea in 1912. They came to save this part of Korea for Christ in their generation. Inspired by John R. Mott and other great preachers of the day, Curtis joined the Student Volunteer Movement while at Union Theological Seminary in Richmond, Virginia. Life was simpler then, or so it seems to me. Things were more black and white. They knew nothing of Watergate and Iran-gate and other disturbing evidences of an a-moral America. To Curtis, what made America strong was its Christian faith and what made other countries so 'benighted' was their lack thereof. Therefore, if he meant what he said, it was up to him to go where the need was most apparent.

Now Florence did not share this burning zeal. But she loved her dynamic, go-getting husband and where he went she would surely go. Oh, she believed all right. How could she escape, having been brought up by her gentle, wise, minister-professor father, Winn David, and her tiny, feisty mother, Lilly Andrus. Her artist eyes looked for beauty everywhere, in people and flowers and landscapes. Curtis and Florence. They made a good pair. She was his anchor with a keen sense of humor besides. She could temper his flights into the wild blue yonder.

Back to when I was born - Soonchun was the newest mission station of the then-Southern Presbyterian mission.

Dr. Fairman Preston, one of the early pioneers, foresaw in this beautiful, remote valley a time when there would be a railroad junction and Soonchun would be a strategic center. He lived to see this pass. But in the mean time Mama was carried over the high Whasoon pass from Kwangju, the capitol of South-Chulla province, in a four-man chair - with curtains closed. She sat cross-legged, holding on to tiny wooden hand rails. Dad rode his bicycle, the first in the area. On a sharp curve in the winding path his wheels left the trail and he fell down causing a large gash in the back of his head and a scar which he carried always.

Soonchun was not only a strategic location, it was beautiful. From the hill on which the station was built the Japan Sea with its myriad islands could be seen. Yellow rice fields filled the valleys and climbed the mountains nearly to the top. It was indeed a peaceful heaven.

The mission fathers had bargained for a piece of hill-side which was not being used for rice-growing. The villagers were glad to sell at a reduced price as they believed a dragon lived under it. We never saw the dragon, though the idea was intriguing to all the children. What WAS under the thin top-soil was solid granite. From this granite unskilled masons hewed large gray squares. A Chinese builder was called in to build these blocks into two-storied dwellings, much as children build in the average nursery school, and they stood grim and forbidding against the treeless landscape. One of these buildings became the home of the Cranes.

The Prestons and the Coits had come to Soonchun not long before the Cranes, and the week the newlyweds arrived, tragedy struck the Coit home. Two lovely children died of dysentary caused, they decided, by unsafe drinking water. Cecile, their mother, was near death herself. Life on the mission field was indeed sometimes tragic.

So into this time and place I was born, on an October day, my favorite season. I think Dr. Timmons delivered me.

He had come to Soonchun that same fall. But the big thing was that I had very red hair. This caused quite a stir among the missionary-watchers of the village. They considered how to respond. No Confucious saying dealt with this enigma. It was decided that a delegation from the heads of the village would pay a call on the young unfortunate missionary. I can picture the dignified procession climbing the hill to our front porch, dressed in their long white coat-jackets (tudermagies) and their horse-hair hats, with maybe the support of a cane or two, and others carrying a long-stemmed bamboo pipe.

My father met them on the porch. There was bowing back and forth, and he invited them into the sparsely furnished living-room. Unaccustomed to chairs, they chose the floor. Tea was brought by a very young, untrained cook.

"We have come," the leader began, after clearing his throat a time or two, "to offer our condolences for your triple curse."

Following my father's surprised response the leader continued, "To have a girl child we all know is nothing but trouble. We have heard that her eyes are pale (blue) and we have had such children...they have no sense...idiots, you say? But the triple part of the curse we cannot understand. What have you done to deserve a daughter with hair that is not beautiful black, but red ...This is a mystery. She must be possessed with at least ten devils. We came to express sincere sympathy."

After the two months it took to send and receive a letter from America, my little Grandmother's response was, "I don't believe it. We have never had a readhead in our family"

Memories of my early years before our first furlough to the United States are a little blurred, but some few things stand out.

Summer camping at Crescent beach. This was a tiny island leased by the Prestons for the use of our missionary families. It was just a crescent shaped strand of sand with

three tiny hills - one at each end and one in the middle. Our camps were thatched roofs with poles supporting them, and netting for walls to keep out mosquitoes. We went and came in rented fishing boats. A well was dug for water but it proved to be unsafe after many cases of dysentary, and it was no longer used.

The memory I have of Crescent beach is of lying on an army blanket with my dad, looking at the stars. We had a tiny map of the sky and a flashlight, and it opened a big new world to me and has held my interest ever since.

Other memories were of other summers when we had station picnics and went swimming. I learned to swim, so say my parents, before I learned to walk, and I have always loved the water.

I scarcely remember the birth and death of my little sister, Elizabeth Letitia, who was named for Grandmother Crane whom we never knew. The baby died of pneumonia when she was three months old, long before the days of penicillin. What I do remember is my mother's crying and not being able to read to me.

The big event of my early childhood was going to America. I was four. We sailed in what I thought was a huge boat. Later I learned it was an old tub fit only for 'pine logs and missionaries'. I am told it took twenty-one days to cross the huge Pacific. Mid-way we were swept up in a typhoon. The little ship was tossed up and down like a teacup, and water crashed over the decks. For three days and nights we did not make a knot forward. Even at four I could sense the anxiety, but somehow I felt it was exciting. We could not go on deck. Many were too seasick to eat. But I am told I did not miss a meal. Mama was too ill to get out of her bunk, so Dad had the job of trying to get me to eat in the deserted dining room. I remember the rails on the tables to keep dishes from crashing to the floor, and I thought it great fun when they began to slide from side to side. Never an avid eater, my father often reminded me of

how he had to tell stories to get each mouthful of oatmeal down my red lane even though I was never seasick.

Finally the sun came out and we sailed serenely under the Golden Gate Bridge and into beautiful San Francisco Bay. Dad, a very patriotic American, wanted me to understand everything I could about our land of the free. The first afternoon after we landed he took me for a walk. He tried to explain what a 'block' was but it didn't look a bit like one of my blocks. After much showing and telling, he asked, "Well, Lilly, what do you think of our America?" My comment was, "But Daddy, where are the people?" After the multitudes even in tiny Soonchun, America seemed quite empty.

For me America was Grandmama and Granddaddy Hedleston's home on the campus of Ole Miss University in Oxford, Mississippi. This was headquarters for us on Furlough. Their large two-story brick home with 'wrap around' porches, and a tree-shaded yard, provided much space for a four-year old to explore. Language was a bit of a problem. Having grown up bilingual, I did not know why everyone could not understand me. I began to test words with my tiny grandmother, and when she gave me that blank look I knew I must have spoken Korean. Years later she still remembered some Korean words she learned from me.

Two girls about my age were invited to play with me. Catherine Bell, another professor's daughter, and Mary Neill, a distant cousin. These two have continued staunch friends through the years. They were my two attendants at our wedding, and we have kept in touch since. Recently Mary sent me some letters I wrote to her from Korea.

II

During this furlough a cable came from Korea telling of the tragic death of Dad's brother, Uncle Paul. His car was hit by a train one rainy night. The train had not blown

a whistle before rounding the curve approaching the intersection. The two brothers, Paul and my father Curtis, were eleven months apart in age and like twins- both going to seminary together and then out to Korea. So when my brother was born, during this same furlough, naturally he was named Paul, for the deceased uncle. It seems Mama was more than seasick on that rough trip over.

Paul was healthy and merry from birth and, in the eyes of his adoring parents, could do no wrong. Dad was so pleased that he was born on American soil since now he could be President. Well, he hasn't done that, but has served as Korean interpreter for two: Kennedy and Johnson.

At the conclusion of our furlough we took Dad's sister, Janet, back with us to Korea as a music teacher and missionary. Jaja, as we called her, had had some rough times. When their mother died, the three Crane boys, Curtis, Paul and William Earl were small, so Janet stayed at home and mothered them rather than go on to college. Later she was sent to live with the Hedden cousins in New Albany, Indiana, to study music. There she fell in love with a young man who had a drinking problem. Grandfather Crane had died and brothers Paul and Curtis would not hear to her marrying such a man, so somewhat reluctantly she agreed to be a missionary and run away to Korea.

Out in Korea Uncle Paul's widow, Aunt Katherine, and her two small children, Effie (my age) and Paul E., came back to live with her family in Athens, Georgia. In time she married again, the third and youngest Crane brother - Uncle William Earl. They had a daughter, Katherine Janet. As of this writing Uncle Bill has just died (July 22, 1987), and Aunt Katherine, in her 90's, is still living at Willowynde on the edge of Athens.

Soon after we returned to Korea I came down with diphtheria. Young Dr. Rogers was afraid to give the anti-toxin until he found the virus in his microscope, but in the meantime I was choking to death. Dr. Wilson, in

Kwangju, rushed over Whasoon Pass and gave me the needed shot. I well remember the horrible choking experience. Dad said he could hear me from downstairs, gasping for breath. Mama could not come near me because of danger to Paul. A very bad experience for me that left me with a temporary heart problem, and kept me in bed an additional three months.

Growing up in Soonchun was somewhat like living in a remote never, never land. The other missionary families were our extended family. Our compound was our playground. There were six Prestons, four Coits, three Rogers, and three Ungers - and eventually three Cranes. We ranged in age but since we had only each other for company, age was overlooked.

We had station dinners and picnics, outings at Crescent Beach, and to Chedi San (6,000 ft. mountain) nearby.

School was a bit haphazard. For several years the Prestons hired Miss Mattie Davis to come live with them and teach their children and the rest of us. Afterward families went together and paid for different teachers to come. Finally, the older Preston girls came back for a year or two after college. (I did this myself).

The Calvert Course, a correspondence course out of Baltimore, was the basis of our education. It offered only six years before high school. A good program in many ways, it was short on minor details like spelling. I loved to read and read most available books excepting, of course, theology. I had read all of Shakespeare before I was twelve, all this reading was found in the stations' libraries. Not that I understood everything - but what else was there to read?

Out on the Field little Curtis, Jr. was born. He was a frail baby and died one morning about 6 A.M., with a locked bowel. There was no surgeon since Dr. Rogers was on furlough. I remember sitting in a tree that morning, feeling very lonely and left out, and I began to wonder

about the tender mercies of this God we worshipped. Junior was buried by Letitia in the small walled cemetery where the two Coit babies had been placed before them.

Then, when I was eight our beautiful brown-eyed Florence was born. The Korean school girls next door named her Pobai (which means 'jewel' or 'Precious') and that is the name she has carried ever since. I was so delighted. I felt I had a real live doll, and she was a dear. Of course she had a way of breaking my own dolls but ...oh, well.

Pobai was four when we went to America again for our second furlough (then every seven years). Again the Hedelston Grands made home for us. This time both Mama and Dad were on the missionary speaking circuit. They were much in demand and we didn't see them very often.

Korea had a different set of diseases such as small pox and cholera, and we had not been exposed to the garden variety that plagued the United States. During our furlough summer the three of us Cranes had mumps, measles and chicken-pox, not to mention poison ivy and other such unpleasant things. I heard my gentle Granddad, in a rare moment of anger, say to Grandmother, "Lily, you write that Florence to come home and look after her children." They did, and we spent the rest of the year in Mission Court in Richmond, Virginia while Dad began work on his Doctor's degree.

In Richmond I went to public school for the first time. It was very different and a bit frightening - to ride the school bus and to find my way around the endless halls. I remember feeling very much alone in the noisy crowd.

On our return to Korea the second time, I had my first bout with surgery - an appendectomy - the surgeon said it was long needed. They had been treating my numerous attacks with castor oil. I must be pretty strong.

The fall that I was twelve I left home for good. I did not know it, of course, but it turned out that I was only home for a few months at a time after that. All missionary children and many children of business men in Korea went to either Seoul Foreign School or Pyeng Yang Foreign School. We had no choice since PYFS was the only boarding school. It was 500 miles from Soonchun and the only available transportation was by car to Kwangju and from there overnight on a crowded train (third class). Parents would take turns driving us to Kwangju. Mr. Coit, something of a hot rod driver, lost a front wheel on one trip crossing the treacherous Whasoon Pass. Had it been an outside wheel I wouldn't be here to tell about it, but the car went into the bank, and so did we. Traffic was one way across Whasoon and the arrangement was to phone from the bottom before starting to see if some one was on the road. We were on the road a long time and must have delayed many other travelers.

The train had wooden boards for berths, three to a side - no curtains or other forms of privacy. We took our own food. Fortunately we were young and understandably we only came home for summer vacation and for Christmas.

I loved boarding school but since I was the youngest in my high school class, I pushed hard to keep up. Too hard, I guess, because in late fall I began having sick headaches. The doctors and my family decided to keep me home after Christmas until the next school term. When I returned I boarded in the Anderson's home. Dr. Anderson was Swedish and his daughter, Lesa, was in my class. At first I was bored with this very quiet, reserved family and missed all the life and foolishness in the dorm. However, I came to love the Andersons and kept up with Lesa for many years. I never learned to speak Swedish other than a few words, but I understood their acceptance and their love.

After Christmas of my second year I was back in the dorm and having a ball. My first romance was with the older

brother of my roommate, Marylyn. Charlie was a senior (I always have liked older men). Marylyn was very thin and a bit hyper. She loved fudge which we often made in the kitchenette on the end of the hall, but we were completely unprepared when she went into diabetic shock and died. This was my second such traumatic experience of the sudden death of some one close to me. It still hurts me to remember. I went with Charlie to meet her missionary parents who came on a train from Harbin. At that point of my life I thought God was very cruel.

The humidity of Korean summers made doctors advise missionary families to go to high ground, so land was leased on Chedi San, a mountain which was part of the Chedi range, not too far from where we lived. Here we first had tents, then thatched-roof shacks and finally some simple permanent summer homes. There was no road. You climbed the steep path on foot or were carried in a chair by coolies - either a single seat on his back or a two-man seat with a pole on each side.

It was cool in the mountains and Mama loved the multitudes of wild flowers that grew by the stream banks (which she began to paint?). There were enough children for us to have a relaxed sort of fun - exploring, swimming in mountain streams, playing games.

Sorai Beach, just north of Seoul, was also leased by missionaries around Seoul and cottages were for rent. We spent one very happy summer there. The sand was like white sugar. Japanese boats came to take it away to Japan to make their fine china. At Sorai Beach there were more families and consequently more young people. To me it was most exciting, especially since Charlie was there. Another boy, son of one of my parents' special friends, wanted to have a date whenever I was free. So, it was a fun time.

One of the single missionaries had a Model A Ford Coupe. She would let different boys use the rumble seat while she drove around. It was quite the thing to have a date in the rumble seat.

Sunday evening vespers were held on The Point - land which jutted out into the sea where two currents met and crashed on the rocks below. The view of the sunset and moonrise from this Point reflected in the ocean below is a scene that is etched on my memory - together with the sweet singing of evening hymns. This made me much less hostile and drew me to a God, for who could create such beauty?

My father was so busy out in the country organizing young churches, that it was a rare treat to have some time with him. However, he would take me when he could, on weekends to nearby villages. On one such trip in the Model T. I stayed with a girl just my age. We slept together on the floor. She told me that she was to be baptised by my father the next day, Sunday, and that she had brought her grandparents and parents and a brother to Christ, and they would all join with her. This made a deep impression on me, and I wondered what in the world I was doing about my own faith or lack of it.

Midway through my junior year at PYFS brother Paul became ill with some sort of low grade fever and the doctors advised that we take him to the Desert Sanitarium in Tucson, Arizona. How I hated to leave school, especially Charlie!

Back to the States. Tucson High was a huge school with 1500 students after my PYFS in Korea with only 200. I felt so lost and lonely not knowing anyone or anything about high school life in America. On the trip home Mama had promised to buy me a new pair of shoes as a consolation. Round-toed ones like those in the Sear's catalog. After we arrived and spent a night in San Francisco, Dad took me out to buy the shoes. The windows were full of them, all round-toed, and all on sale for half price! I proudly purchased a lovely pair, only to discover when we got To Tucson that round-toed shoes were 'out'. Hence the sale. Pointed toes were the 'in' thing. But alas, in our missionary purse there was no money to correct the mistake and buy another pair.

I was strange enough with my long plaits of red hair (every one else wore a bob), and then the horrible round-toed shoes. I wanted to crawl in a hole. And on top of everything else, Charlie, who had sworn faithfully to write, never wrote a word. Letters from others told me he was going steady with the most popular girl in school. O, the days of a broken heart. Much later, when I was at Peace College, I ran into him at the corner drug - and the 'lovely flame' had completely died. There wasn't even any smoke to get in my eyes.

Tucson was not without its good experiences; but Mama was sick, Paul was sick, and then Pobai came down with measles and we were quarantened. Some of the church people were good to us, and an older man took a shine to me. He took me to some plays and concerts and showed me some of the sights. He also wrote me poetry. Dad was a bit concerned with his attention, but with all the other problems he had, he was glad that I had something to do. I was not at all romantically interested in Elwood (was still grieving for faithless Charlie). One night when I wanted to check out a book at the library Elwood was with me. At the desk the librarian said, "Your father will have to sign for it," and she nodded toward Elwood. That took care of that little affair.

Paul got better and Mama got worse, so back to Oxford we moved. To Grand-Hedleston's house again. Mama was sent to John's Hopkins Hospital because they thought she had cancer but they found it to be a chronic case of sprue. Meanwhile I entered my third school in a year and, for the third time, studied Julius Caesar and his Gallic Wars in the Latin class.

Socially my old friends, Mary and Catherine, came to my rescue and saw that I was included in the small town high school life of Oxford. The boys were glad to have a new girl in town and I experienced my first taste of being rushed. Jack was the son of the town's leading surgeon and

was considered very smart and a good catch. Our family and his family were friends. So, why wouldn't I be pleased and excited with his rather constant attentions? The only problem was, as I told him, I didn't love him. I had not yet learned the ways of playing 'coy' and he would not take 'no' and leave me alone. It was a long, hot summer largely spent with my PYFS roommate, Janie Stephens Brown, of China, at her grandmother's in Montreat, North Carolina. Catherine (Kitty) Bell was also invited and the three of us had a wonderful summer. Janie, a merry brunette; Kitty, a delicate, china-doll blonde; and I, a lively red-head. Sometimes we would have three sets of dates a night - nothing serious but lots of fun. My most frequent boy friend was Bobbie Moffett, also red-headed. He was dubbed the king of the cradle robbers. He was a life guard at the lake. No low-cut bathing suits, back or front, were allowed at Montreat, and he was given a large handkerchief with safety pins to give to any girl who dared offend. One afternoon I was with him in a boat when a lovely girl, new to Montreat, arrived in the latest model suit - low-cut. Bobbie had the embarrassing job of telling her about the rules and handing her the handkerchief and pins. With a merry laugh she accepted them and threw them in the lake. Somehow or another that marked the end of handkerchief-covering.

In the fall of my fifteenth year I was left at Peace Junior College in Raleigh, North Carolina when the family returned to Korea. All was well because Miss Mattie Davis, my former teacher in Korea, was the Registrar at Peace

- but she failed to tell my parents that she was leaving the school. Added to this blow was the fact that somehow in the testing process I was entered as a college freshman (at 15) when I was supposed to finish my senior year in the preparatory division of Peace. I reminded Dr. Pressley, the President, that I had not had my senior year of high school.

"Oh well, you can do the work and we'll face that later,"

he said. "Later" became the week before exams of my second year (Peace was and is a two-year college). So I had to take high school exams, college exams, and a week's crash course in geometry all at the same time.

I was at Peace (1932) in the depth of the Depression. Fortunately everybody was broke, along with me. I had \$28 a month-missionary child's allowance for all my expenses - clothes, books, travel, spending money. I had to decide whether to spend a nickel on a coke with the girls or write home that week and buy a stamp. Fortunately there were several young men who were willing to take me to dances and movies. Jack, still ardent, was at the University of North Carolina. If he didn't write every day, he called. Then there was Bobby Moffett at Davidson College, and so it went.

Anne Hall made Peace bearable for me. She was the Home Economics teacher. But she did not teach me, she adopted me and took me home to their comfortable white house in Belmont, North Carolina on weekends and for holidays. Miriam Preston was also teaching at Peace, and she and Anne looked after me, and I will be forever grateful. Many years later Anne's sister Helen told me, at Anne's funeral, that I was the daughter Anne never had.

The Hall family was my family in America. Mr. and Mrs. Hall were far from young in body but they were warm and kind to all adopted children- friends of their five girls- Bib(Elizabeth), Anne, Laura, Martha (Bob) and Helen, plus their one son, 'Prep' Jr., who was married and lived next door. The house absorbed people. They even enclosed a large porch to make a special room for their Korea Kids.

My first Christmas in America without my family was spent with Aunt Katherine and Uncle Bill Crane and their three children: Effie, my age, Paul, several years younger, and Kitty Jane, a toddler. Aunt Janet (Jaja) Crane, on furlough, was also visiting. The Cranes had a small church on the edge of Atlanta, Georgia, made up of mostly ~~white~~ class people. It was during the Depression years and jobs

were scarce. Many of the members were out of work and there was no pay for the preacher. In spite of their tight circumstances they gave me and the rest of the family a happy Christmas time and I came to love them very much.

Completing my first year at Peace, my second summer alone in America was spent with Mama's sister, Aunt Emily Mitchell, and her husband and three children in Nashville, Tennessee. They were a happy, quiet family who liked to read. Their children, Mary Heron, Martha, and Tommy, were too young for companionship, but I loved Emmy, as she liked to be called; and Heron, her husband, who had a quiet sense of humor. They provided a haven for me more than once.

After a month in Nashville, I went to Sunset Hill out from Oxford, Mississippi, where my Hedleston grandparents had retired. It was a beautiful old white frame house with porches on three sides. Set on a hill, as Grandmama said, facing the setting sun. Crepe Myrtle bushes hid the house from the road and peacock chatter was about the only sound.

Of course when I got there I stirred things up a bit. Mama's brother, 'Big David', and his wife, 'Lytt' and their six children were also living on the place. Big David was an engineer, out of work due to the Depression. All the Hedlestons were younger than I but we got along fine. They taught me to fish in the run, to ride a horse, and do many other 'country-related' things. On weekends the community would gather for a fish-fry and a stomping good time, dancing to the strings of a fiddle. My earliest friends, Kitty and Mary, who lived in Oxford, about fifteen miles away over a dirt road, saw to it that I was included in the small town life, as I have already related. We enjoyed a good-sized 'pond' on the farm where we swam and sat on the bank and watched the moon.

In the fall of my second year at Peace, 1932, the yearbook staff had the students vote on various superlatives to honor different people. The big honor was to be elected 'Miss Peace'. I just missed it but was chosen Beauty Queen.

I really wasn't too impressed. Mama had told me that God gave me looks but what counted was how to love and be loved.

Through a series of events, my picture was put in the paper and picked up by the Associated Press (news was scarce then). I began to get fan mail from all over the region. This created quite a stir in our small school. The letters were passed around and helped break the monotony. One letter sort of intrigued me from a 27-year old traveling salesman who signed his name, 'Thompson Southall'. It never occurred to me to answer any of these missives which ranged in content from an offer of marriage to a lecture on the pitfalls of beauty.

I leave my story here to fill you in on this same traveling salesman - Thompson Southall.

III

Thompson Brown Southall, Jr.

The salesman did not get an answer to his letter, so he wrote a second one suggesting a return of the first with pencilled corrections. When this brought no response, he decided to check into the matter personally. His Christmas vacation took him to Greensboro which was very near Raleigh, the home of Peace College. He phoned the college and again he was frustrated - the school was closed for the holidays. But kindly Dr. Pressley gave him my address and phone number in Washington, D.C. where I was visiting some Fulton cousins with a daughter my age.

It was a very exciting Christmas for me. The Fultons had lived in Washington for quite a while. He was in 'the government' and knew everybody who was anybody. Carrie Roper, their popular daughter, was attending George Washington University and had many friends. So there was something, day and night, to do. Like a dance at the embassy, and a luncheon at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland, and on and on.

In the midst of all this the phone rang one morning before we were quite awake (eleven a.m.). Long distance from Raleigh? In those days a phone call meant something either very good or very bad. I could only think of bad news from Korea. When I answered, a booming voice came over the wire, "Why didn't you answer my letters?"

What we agreed to or didn't is disputable. I think I told him that I really didn't want to meet him, and would only with a formal introduction. He thinks I said I would meet him when I got back to college. Anyway, when I got back into much girl-talk, above the noise I heard the voice of Miss McLelland, the Dean, from below stairs (the parlors were on the second floor): "Miss Crane, I want to see you in my office." I was terror stricken. What had she heard about my Washington doings? I meekly opened the door into her office and there stood this tall, rather handsome man. "This," said Miss McLelland, "is Mr. Southall. He says he knows you." -- With that Tom took my elbow and turned me around so she wouldn't see my surprised face. Later he confessed that he had told her he knew me through a mutual friend - (the newspaper). We talked a while in the parlor. That is, he quizzed me about the population of Seoul and other such romantic things. Finally, when could he see me again? Since I was unsure, he said he would call. At the foot of the stairs he called back, "I believe in predestination!" All the girls hanging over the circular banister above broke out laughing. So that was how we met.

If this intriguing older man believed in predestination, it was a while before I was willing to agree with him. At seventeen I was interested in the next dance, or trip. I had no long range plans. However, it was very exciting to have long distance phone calls from Virginia now and then, and a box of candy or two to share. And on Easter I received my first orchid corsage and I was really impressed. Friends had to tell me it was an orchid!

Then came graduation. Peace made a big thing of it. My parents were, of course, still in Korea, so my cousin, Nell Fulton, with whom I had spent Christmas, offered to come and be my 'American Mother'. That helped. Anne Hall saw that I had the right dress. White was required. In the midst of all this a call came from Thompson. He wanted to come. I was a bit non-plussed. Flattered, of course, but what do you say to a man who is no kin to you and with whom you are not even in love? He came. My girl friends had all agreed to help give him a good time. He, naturally, had a car which many of our college boy friends did not. He took Cousin Nell and me out to a swish place for dinner - sent me roses - indeed attention to turn any young girl's head.

During the weekend Tom told me he had decided to be a minister. Many things had brought him to this - but he said I was the catalyst. That really was pretty heavy for giddy me. I was planning to go back to Korea for a year, so he asked for my picture, and I gave it to him. At graduation one of my friends sitting with him remarked about me, "I like her because she is so odd." He has reminded me of this over the years when in one way or another I astound him.

Elizabeth Wilson (Liz!) graduated from Flora McDonald the same spring, and the two of us set out by train and boat for Korea. In those days anyone going back to Korea was a natural UPS. Boxes and packages came to us daily to 'tuck in our trunks' for so-and-so. Supplying for our fathers was the worst. Dr. Wilson, her father, wanted a microscope. Too delicate to be turned over to a red-cap and must be carried by hand. My dad wanted the wheel for his ancient mimeograph machine. The part weighed a ton!- and also was too important to allow anyone else to carry. The ambassador's wife had a full set of Elizabeth Arden's jars and bottles to 'tuck in'. We had 19 pieces of hand luggage between us, and when we finally got to the boat and our cabin we found a steamer trunk full of shoes for one station, and were told a dental chair and a piano were in storage- all on our tickets.

We traveled by way of Chicago and the World's Fair. Mama's cousins, the Reeds, had invited us. They had a college-age son who acted as our guide. Johnny Bigger from Korea had written that he also would be at the Fair, but gave no address or phone number for getting in touch with him. Would you believe, we were eating at one of the fast-food places - and suddenly there was Johnny. He joined us for the rest of our two days of exciting adventures.

On board ship we met up with two other college lads and had a 'love boat' romance apiece. You can't beat moonlight and water and lots of time. My friend was bound to marry me, but after one letter he vanished into the wild blue yonder. Men!

Dr. Wilson met us in Kobe and it was a good thing. The Custom's officials were getting sticky and could not understand why two young girls had so much stuff. Dr. Wilson just happened to bring his citation from the Emporer for his work with lepers - he pulled it out - and a red-carpet treatment followed.

Soonchun, Peaceful Heaven, was just that. Roads lined with tall lombardy poplars, wild roses on the fences, flowers in bloom everywhere. It was good to be home.

I was to teach the seven missionary children on the station, including sister Pobai. (Paul would be in Pyeng Yang). I would live at home free and save my pennies to return to the United States by way of Russia and Europe the next year. It worked out just that way.

The year was far from dull. Such young men as there were and the women of Korea were somehow drawn together. I had invitations to Seoul for parties and weekends, but I truly enjoyed being with my parents once more. It helped me understand them and the really outstanding work they both were doing.

Mama spent her energies in teaching the school girls next door to start with the silk worm and finish with a bolt

of pure silk. She also taught lace-making. The girls sat at small tables in our yard on hot days. I worked on my Korean and was able to become real friends with some of these fine young women.

Dad, in the meantime, was turning a whole area into an organized presbytery of about 100 churches. He was such a mix of scholar and evangelist, and seemed never to run out of energy and enthusiasm. He had earned his Doctor's degree on our last furlough (one of the first seven such degrees given by Union Theological Seminary), and he was deep into the translation of the Bible into the Korean language. A committee of Korean and American scholars worked for a number of years to produce the 'Revised' version.

And then there was Mama's book, Flowers and Folklore From Far Korea. It is a story in itself, beginning the very first day the Cranes arrived in Soonchun. Mama had been a water color artist and specialist in wild flowers since her girlhood. At the age of sixteen she was chosen to paint the wildflowers of Mississippi for the exhibit of state flowers in the first World's Fair in St. Louis, Missouri. Mississippi won the blue ribbon. Mama had taken botany in college and was quite scientific as well as artistic with her sketches. I used to watch her paint. She would draw a leaf from the specimen for exact size and shape. Her first flower painted in Korea was a Day-flower she picked near the dock where they landed, near Seoul. Word got around that the new missionary bride liked wild-flowers, and Koreans from near and far began to bring them to her and were delighted to watch her sketch.

On the first furlough she took her sketchbook of wild flowers with her, and eventually showed them to Mr. George Watts of Durham, North Carolina. Soonchun station, out in Korea, was the private project of Mr. Watts. He gave the initial money to buy the property, payed for the building of the homes and schools, payed the salaries of all missionaries who lived in Soonchun, and in time helped

educate their children. He sent gifts of money to each family at Christmas, and did other lovely things. He had visited Korea and Soonchun several times, and so did his children and grandchildren. Missionaries from Soonchun who came on furlough were invited to visit the Watts at some time during their stay. When I was in their home it was exciting for me to see such an elegant place. The Watts were very genuine people and made us feel welcome. Mama had learned of Mr. Watt's love of wild flowers when she showed him her book. He was so charmed that she gave it to him, and years later, after his death, his widow returned the book saying Mr. Watts always loved it and she would like Mama to prepare it for publication in his memory.

This was a challenge. The flowers needed to be carefully identified with botanical, popular English, Korean, and Chinese names. The Cranes visited medicine men in the mountains to learn uses for most of these flowers, or their roots. They also traced and wrote the ancient myths and rhymes about the various species. The book, now out of print, is a priceless treasure.

The Watts were our guests on their first visit to Soonchun. This was before the station had electricity and we depended on lamps. A station dinner at the Prestons was planned in their honor. Mama had one of her sick headaches and had to go to bed. Dad reminded her to light the lamps before they were due back home, but she forgot and they came stumbling in in the dark. The remark was later heard through the thin walls, "It's bad enough for these good folks to live in a heathen land. They should not have to live in total darkness." The next morning Mr. Watts talked with Dad about his giving the station a Delco generator -- could Dad put it together and install it? Well, of course he could! So eventually the hospital as well as missionary homes had electricity - all due, Mama said, to her timely headache.

Dad was the only mechanic in the area. He had the first Model T. Ford and maintained it and others that

followed; he installed telephones, wired thirty homes for electricity on top of Mount Chedi to give light for summer reading, and many other such technical jobs. He trained the first Korean mechanic and set him up in business in self defense, allowing him more time and saving his energy for the work he had felt a call to do.

Thompson Brown Southall, Jr.

Also a preacher's kid, Tom was born in the tiny village of McDowell, Virginia, high in the Appalachian Mountains. Stonewall Jackson came to fame in the first confederate victory in the Battle of McDowell.

The Southalls were certainly among the First Families of Virginia in the true sense of the phrase. Two Southall brothers came from England soon after Jamestown. One settled in Amelia county and the other, Tom's great-grandfather'

Valentine Wood Southall, in Charlottesville, Albemarl county, where he served as Thomas Jefferson's lawyer and friend, and later as Speaker of the Virginia House of Delegates. He married Martha Cocke of Keene, near Charlottesville. Martha's grandfather served in the first House of Burgesses.

All Southall men were in the War Between the States. Colonel Thompson Brown, who married Tom's great aunt, Mary, was killed at Chancelorsville, and Tom's father, born soon after, bore his name. We have letters from different battlefields from great-grandfathers, and we inherited three of the old portraits. We have one of Valentine Wood. Marable has the one of his wife, Martha Cocke, and Florence has the one of Tom's grandmother's father, Joseph Allen, of Richmond, Virginia. He was said to be a very wealthy man, having sold his slaves for Richmond real estate before the war.

After Richmond fell the family home was used by the Yankees as headquarters. The Allens lived upstairs and, though the stars and stripes hung from the front porch, a small Confederate flag could be seen from the back of the house.

In the grim aftermath of war, Tom's father's family did not do so well. The three older boys, William, Allen and Valentine went west hoping to make a new life. None of them married and they lived and died in the respective cities: Richmond, St. Louis, Missouri, and Portland, Oregon. The only girl, Elizabeth Lyle, known as Lizzie, married a wealthy German-American man named Ludwig Gunther. She and their two daughters visited his family in Germany and brought back beautiful Dresden china among other fine possessions. Mr. Gunther died leaving no will and the children by his first wife gained the inheritance. Aunt Lizzy was left to rear her daughters, Maude and Kate, and she ran a boarding house for students in Charlottesville. Kate, the pretty, favorite child, made a trip to Europe where she developed pneumonia and died, breaking her mother's heart. Maud was a graduate of Goucher College in Baltimore, Maryland. She taught school and looked after her mother who died at the age of 98 years. When we first visited them in their home in Washington, Aunt Lizzy showed me all her treasures and promised me I would have them all if I would name my first daughter Kate. I was incensed at the thought of a bribe, and of course named my first daughter Florence, for my mother. And would you believe, Flo, who would never name a child 'for' anyone, named her first daughter Kate!

Tom's father, Thompson, the youngest son, went west to sell Stetson hats. He did well for he had charm and a gift of gab. Somewhere out there he 'got religion'. He had been raised an Episcopalian, but it had not meant much. His Aunt Mary, Colonel Thompson Brown's widow, had remarried a Dr. Venable who was a professor (at Hampden-Sidney?). The two of them joined the Presbyterian church and he, the professor, offered to put Thompson through college at Hampden-Sidney, and thereafter to send him to Union Seminary, which was then on the same campus. Ultimately Thompson became a Presbyterian minister.

His first call was to the small Highland Presbyterian Church on the edge of the campus of the University of Texas at Austin. (Later it became the University Presbyterian Church). About the time Thompson Southall began his ministry a young girl, Octavia Faison Marable came to Texas to join her brothers who were Ben, Frank and Paul. They had left their family home in Mount Olive, North Carolina to seek their own fortunes. Their father, Dr. Benjamin Marable was a Presbyterian minister, and his wife was Octavia Augusta Faison. The three brothers paid for their sister to attend the university, and the handsome young minister and the rather shy but very intelligent girl from back east soon found each other and fell in love. In 1903 they were married in the Highland Presbyterian Church. The congregation gave them a full dozen place settings of sterling silver - the pattern 'Chrysanthemum' - and also a pair of very handsome silver candelabra all of which are still in the family.

Father Southall was a driver - of himself and others. There was much work to do and he did it well, but it took its toll. He was ordered to take some time off and rest, so with a friend, Mr. Boshé, he went on a fishing trip to the mountains of Virginia and discovered the small village of McDowell. So remote was this spot that they rode a hack and had to ford streams. The road wound across four very high mountains: Shenandoah, Shaw's Ridge, Bull Pasture and Jack. He learned that the small community was without a Presbyterian minister for its one church and three chapels, so he let it be known he was interested in the area. Consequently he was called to serve that field.

The pretty little brick church still has a hole near the ground where a cannon ball landed during the Battle of McDowell. The white frame manse next to the church has served many families since the time of the Thompson Southalls.

It was in this small community that their only child,

Thompson Brown Southall, Jr., was born, on September 22, 1905. A friend, Mrs. Bradshaw, ran a small hotel, and she had invited Mother Southall to come stay with her for the big event. Dr. Siron officiated and within the year they made their first move in response to a call to Lexington, Virginia, heart of the Shenandoah Valley and home of Washington and Lee University and Virginia Military Institute. Father Southall served the Lexington Presbyterian Church on Main Street, and the charming manse on White Street is still in use by the present minister, Dr. Randolph Harrison.

As became a pattern, they did not stay long - only two years. Father Southall proposed the radical idea of a Sunday School and a building to house same. This came about but it upset the status quo and divided the congregation, and the minister and his family moved to Memphis, Missouri in 1907. Once again this dynamic, inventive man stirred members to both deep affection and strong opposition, and within another year they moved to Kirkwood, Missouri, where the church was larger and more prominent. Thompson Southall made many firm friends and led the church well in many ways but some once more refused to follow him and he decided to demit the ministry. This was a sad move in so many ways, one being the end to retirement benefits for him and later to his wife.

During the years there were annual trips back to Greensboro, North Carolina where Mother Southall's beloved sister, Ria (Maria) Marable Davis lived with her husband, Bill, and their one child, Virginia. They traveled, of course, by train and young Tom made friends with the porters and wrote letters to them. He and his father took long fishing trips back to McDowell. These were good times. They would stop to rest the horses and 'take dinner' with a Mrs. Cross in West Augusta.

In 1912 Tom and his mother spent a memorable summer with Aunt Mary Venable in Mont Eagle, Tennessee, an

inter-denominational conference center. He vividly recalls a lady who did dramatic readings and turned the pages with her gloved artificial hands.

In the fall of 1912 Thompson Southall took his family to Chattanooga, Tennessee where a friend of theirs, Mr. T. F. Sanford, offered him a job as salesman for auto supplies. They settled in a comfortable home and Tom, Jr. started first grade.

By 1913 the Southalls moved to Clarksville, Texas where Mother Southall's three brothers had settled. Here Tom was in second grade and his father sold furniture and traveled. Back to Greensboro, North Carolina from 1914-16, they shared a home with the Davis's on Smith Street, and Tom completed third and fourth grades.

Tom's father decided to try farming, and in 1916 they moved to Dare, Virginia on the Poquoson River, not far from Yorktown, where they lived for three years. These were the years of World War I and the U.S. Navy was bottled up in Yorktown harbor to avoid German U Boats. They lived in a small, neat home right on the water where there was no indoor plumbing. Like a little Venice, people visited one another in boats. For their 'front yard' they had an oyster bed at water's edge, and on another forty acres they raised potatoes and peas.

Tom walked a mile to school but this didn't seem far since he and a pretty little girl named Eva walked together and he carried her books, through fifth, sixth and seventh grades. He remembers the soldiers and sailors who walked to see them for Sunday dinners from nearby Langley Field and other military camps.

By 1919 they were back in Greensboro, again sharing a house with the Davis's - the Britton House on Church Street. They attended the First Presbyterian Church conveniently located across the street. They made many friends in Greensboro, one of whom, Mr. Wheat, was to be of help to Tom later. In Greensboro Tom attended eighth and ninth grades.

In 1921 the family moved to Baltimore where Tom worked with his father and sold electric light bulbs instead of attending school anywhere. When he was sixteen he decided to ride his bicycle from Baltimore to Greensboro (400 miles) to see the Davis's.

Tom remembers other visits- those he and his mother made to visit his Uncle Walt (his mother's half brother, Walter Marable), who lived in Saxe, Virginia. The Marables lived in a weatherboard house with outdoor plumbing. A breeze-way separated two sections - the old and the new. His jobs were to go to the spring for water and to the hen house for eggs. One time he encountered a snake during the last chore. And once while helping load hay in the barn loft he fell onto the wagon tongue and broke his arm. Uncle Walt went for the doctor on horseback - and the arm was successfully set on the matted rug by the light of a lamp.

The most vivid memory Tom has, besides hoe cakes from the ashes on the hearth, were times on the front porch in the evening when Uncle Walt reminisced and told him stories of his boyhood back in Mount Olive during and shortly following the War Between the States. And also stories of Saxe and the Charlotte Court House.

This quiet, remote place gave a sense of peace and permanence to a young boy whose life had been nothing but a series of moves.

In the fall of 1921 Tom entered Randolph-Macon Military Academy in Bedford, Virginia where the headmaster was a friend of his father's. The two had attended Bethel Military Academy at Warrenton. From Bedford they had hiked up the Peaks of Otter and explored other beautiful Virginia mountains.

Tom finished preparatory school in 1922 and in the fall entered Hampden Sidney College in Virginia, but after two years there was no more money and he went to work and sold electrical equipment on the road, traveling by bus and train. (No car).

1925-26 found Tom back at Hampden-Sidney for his junior year. Again hard times made it necessary for him to drop out at the end of the year and, although he was not a college graduate, Mr. Archer, the superintendent of the Greensboro City Schools, gave him a job at reduced pay (\$175 a month plus \$25 to keep the play ground). Tom taught civics and history. He rented a room from the Davis's who were then living on Simpson Street.

His friend, Mr. Wheat, helped him get started with the Lehigh Portland Cement Company the summer of 1927. He took his training at the company's headquarters in Allentown, Pennsylvania. During his year and a half there, he did some traveling and met some of the area Dutch men and girls such as: Teddy Fenstermarker, Sally Sippley, and Betty Darney.

Upon completing his training he was given a territory - northern Virginia - and a car. And, for the times, a good salary with an expense account. In spite of the Depression he did well. He was a good salesman and people in the area still remember him with pleasure. He headquartered in Charlottesville where his parents decided to join him.

Always popular with the girls, Tom loved to go to college dances, and often escorted the May Queen. While in the Staunton area, he frequently stopped at Bethel Green, a beautiful old Valley home which belonged to his cousin, Mrs. Betty Murphy. She had a daughter, May, and a son Alex. Alex made a point of taking in nearby dances at the University of Virginia and took Tom with him.

Tom's most serious love affair was with Virginia Evans of Saluda, Virginia, down on the coast. He gave her his Kappa Sigma pin. His rival was young Chesty Fuller, the Marine who was to become famous in World War II in the Pacific. I never have heard just how or who caused the romance to cool, but I am glad for me and sorry for Virginia.

These had been difficult years for Tom and his

parents. Father Southall found companies less willing to hire him as a salesman as he grew older, as Arthur Miller's Death of A Salesman very well tells the sad story of an aging salesman. Tom bought a home for his parents in Occoquan, Virginia where he could visit on week-ends. It was here that his father had a second stroke and became irrational so that his mother could no longer care for him. Tom and his mother reluctantly placed the man in the State Hospital in Staunton where his cousin, Alex Murphy was a doctor. Shortly a third stroke was fatal. Tom's mother continued to reside in Charlottesville, becoming a companion for Miss Lucy Orme. Later Tom rented a room nearby and attended Union Theological Seminary. (During our first year of marriage Mother Southall became run-down and developed tuberculosis. On advice from her doctor we took her to the Blue Ridge Sanatorium then in Charlottesville.)

Alone in a hotel in Alexandria, Virginia, Tom picked up the newspaper and noticed the picture of a girl at Peace College who had been elected Beauty Queen. For reasons he still can't explain, he sat down and wrote her a letter. His mother and aunt had gone to Peace. He had drifted away from the church, but was restless and looking for something - so why not meet this girl from Korea whose parents were missionaries?

Following the year of teaching in Korea, my return to the United States via Russia and Europe (summer of '34) was a never-to-be-forgotten experience. The reason for routing the trip thus was because it was cheap - \$87 for eight days and nights. This did not include food, of course. And so I traveled - with my own bed roll and all other necessities. I met Ezra (what a name!) on the Trans-Syberian Railroad. We enjoyed each other's company and we had a very platonic friendship - no passes were made. He stayed with me until he put me on the American liner, The Magestic, headed for New York. (See story enclosed about Russian adventures)

When we arrived in Berlin, one afternoon we were sitting at a sidewalk cafe and heard the sound of marching. Everyone got quiet - and Hitler and his Brown Shirts marched right past us, and I had a look at the Fuhrer at close range. He looked like a puppet with that goose step and mustache.

On Sunday Mrs. Beard and I tried unsuccessfully to go hear Martin Neimuller preach. The cab driver either refused to take us or couldn't understand us, so instead we spent a fortune and felt very frustrated. You could feel the undercurrent of tension everywhere.

The Passion Play at Oberammergau was the main reason for my trip, and it was well worth it. I stayed in the home of the family who played various roles. They were warm and cordial around their porcelain stove. Next morning news came over the radio that President Dolphus had been assassinated. I shall never forget the frigid fear that gripped that family. There was utter silence - Then the father said, "This means war."

We were to leave from Berlin the day after we saw the play, but all trains were stopped. Mrs. Beard and her daughter took a plane for Italy, but I couldn't afford to, so for four days Ezra and I took walking tours around the

country. It was very beautiful but there was an eerie feeling everywhere. People spoke in low voices and looked to be sure no one was watching. When the blockade was lifted, I went to the Cook Company who were supposedly holding my trunk. Well, it was lost. The tour that I was to join had also dissolved. The young, rather leerie-eyed French guide said to me, "This will be - what you say - cozy. Just you and me in the compartment." So Ezra decided at that point to join us instead of bumming around Europe as he had planned. We went straight to London.

Dad had arranged for me to stay at the Mild-May Conference Center in London. The couple who ran this home for transients, in a not too desirable section of the city, were former missionaries who had known my parents in Korea. Ezra took a room there too, and they were most kind to us and helped us plan our sightseeing days. We pooled our money, took the tube or bus and ate very little, but saw more than I can write about. We spent days in the museums, attended plays and, in general, got the feel of the place. Other friends had invited me out to their home in the country for a week-end. They took me to Oxford, and to little cottage tea shops, and gave me a lovely time.

Finally Ezra deposited me and my one suitcase in my cabin (third class) aboard the Majestic. He kissed me and said he had fallen in love with me and wanted me to think about marrying him -- He was willing to wait until I could say yes. During the trip home, in the Mid-Atlantic, I received a cable: "Remember and make it 'yes'" it read.

Tom had been my best correspondent all year and was top on my parents' list (I had read them all my letters). He was to meet me at the boat. Not having done anything like this, he imagined there would be only one gang plank, so when there were four and mobs began pouring off, he was a bit confused. But he rallied and found me in customs, under the big letter 'C'. We had a fun day in New York. climbed the Empire State Building stairs, went to see the Rockettes

at the Follies, and had a nice dinner. He asked if I would stop off in Charlottesville and meet his mother. Why not? When we got off the train in Charlottesville he had to borrow street car fare to get me to the friend's home where I was to stay. This should have told me something.

The next day I not only met his mother who was graciously reserved, but he took me to see all the aunts, uncles and cousins he could think of. It really upset me to be paraded in this manner as his girl friend since he had made no proposal or even hint of marriage. In fact, when he put me back on the train for Mississippi I was really angry. Then I had a little talk with myself. "Lillian, why does this upset you? Do you care this much about him?" I suppose that is an Oriental way of backing into the obvious, and I was feeling very much swept up in his charm.

I had been at Sunset Hill only a day or so when Granddad came in and said, "Lilly, do you know somebody by the name of Ezra? Well, he is down at David's taking a shower." I hadn't counted on this, but my tolerant grandparents took Ezra in, and Mary and Kitty helped me entertain him. But the time came when I had to deal with his question - and although I had no other firm offers, it had to be "No".

So, on to my years at The General Assembly's Training School in Richmond, Virginia. (Now known as The Presbyterian School of Christian Education). Tom was a seminary student across the street. I decided I would play 'hard to get' for this presumptuous Thompson. I knew a number of seminary students and so I would date any and all who asked me. Tom was always a little on the slow side, so when he called for a date, I had one. The first big dinner at the seminary was near, and I had been asked and accepted when Tom came around. He was upset. "Well," I said sweetly, "If you'll break my date, I'll go with you." He did, and he proposed that very night. I thought about it -- but knew the answer was already 'yes'.

Courting without a car and with no privacy (no doors) on the only two date parlors at The Training School, was not easy. There were many others in the same boat. We walked a lot. Went to dull movies. Occasionally a friend would lend a car. We baby-sat for one couple, which was nice. (The Leighton Mauzes, whose then-unborn son was to become my pastor much later in Statesville, North Carolina).

Friend Neil McGeachy was supplying the church in Ashland, Virginia, and on his graduation from seminary he put in a good word for Tom who was asked to take his place. I was asked to come and work with the young people. We went up on Sundays on the "Toonerville Trolley" as we called the train that ran between our two schools and Ashland. This gave us time and opportunity to work together which was fun, but also which deepened our understanding and commitment.

We announced our engagement the spring of our senior year. Tom gave me a beautiful pearl ring which he had asked Mama to buy for him. Korean pearls are especially beautiful. There were parties and showers. Tom's 'sister-cousins' - the 'Tyler girls', granddaughters of President Tyler - came to call. They were old Virginians and of course spoke with the broad 'A'. "And where are you from, Dear?" one asked me. When I answered, "Mississippi" there was a silence. Then one remarked, "I have known some right nice people from Mississippi."

(insert) -- The summer between my two years at ATS I spent doing 'practical work' - running Bible Schools in small churches around Lexington, Kentucky. This was an experience in itself. Afterward, I was invited to join Cousin Elsie and Will Hedden (brother and sister) on one of their annual touring trips. They also took two college-age nephews, Bill and Kirk Hedden. We went up through New England, stopping to camp around beautiful lakes. We saw Niagara Falls and stopped in Rochester to see Grandmama Hedden's brother, Wadell, a bachelor with Eastman Kodak. It was a lovely trip and a new...

Ashland, Virginia- 1936
Our Wedding on May 20, 1936 in Nashville, Tenn.

Tom graduated from seminary one day and I the next (or it may have been the other way around). Anyway, it was the week before our wedding date. We had planned to be married at College Hill in Mississippi by Granddaddy Hedleston, but in April he died of cancer. Grandmama insisted that we go on with our plans and Emily, Mama's sister, graciously invited us to come there and be married in their home. Grandmama came and my two friends from childhood, Mary and Kitty, were my attendants. We asked Dr. Darby Fulton, Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board, whom we had known for a long time, to tie the knot. He had to get a license to marry us as this was his first wedding. May is a lovely time to be married. We chose the date because it was the anniversary of my parents' wedding.

Mother Southall decided to attend the graduation rather than the wedding. Mac Crowe, a classmate, was Tom's best man. Mama had sent Korean silk for my dress and those of my bridesmaid's. A frantic seamstress made them in record time.

Emily entertained the wedding party at a lovely buffet dinner the night of the rehearsal. Afterwards Tom and I took a walk around the Mitchell's big yard. For some reason, I felt for my ring only to discover that the pearl set was gone. "Don't worry," said my gallant Tom. "I'm good at finding things." He took his trusty flashlight and shined it in the gravel walk up and down where we had been, and, would you believe? - There it was! Another minor miracle.

The wedding day, Wednesday, was beautiful. Friends had brought roses and other flowers in bloom and the house

and porch were a garden. Dr. Fulton did a good job of tying the knot... We took some pictures which have survived, and after punch and cake we set off in a borrowed car for our wedding trip back to Ashland.

Our first night was to be at a motel in Mammoth Cave, Kentucky. We arrived rather late and there was no one at the desk, but a handy man was sweeping the floor. Tom signed the register with a flourish from his traveling salesman days - "Thompson B. Sosuthall." There was no room on either side for "Mr. and Mrs." or "and wife". Somewhat embarrassed, he confessed (and astonished the man): "I have a lady in the car with me." Those were the days before this a-moral, permissive society.

The next day we took in the cave and wound our way home. We spent one night in a cute cottage motel in White Sulphur Springs and rode in to see the Greenbrier where Tom's grandparents had met.

From White Sulphur Springs we drove clear to the Chesapeake Bay, spending a night in the quaint little hotel at Irvington, Virginia where for breakfast they served fried oysters, fresh from the bay. This was near where Tom's old girl, Virginia, lived. He offered to take me to see her but I declined. Little did I know how often our paths would cross.

On arriving in Ashland there were several nice parties and showers for the bride and groom. But I hadn't got my hat off, so to speak, before I was asked to direct the all-church Bible School with several hundred kids enrolled. I did the work and it went well.

Miss Fanny Taylor, sister of my dean at ATS(Assembly's Training School in Richmond) was a motherly person and dear to us. One day she called early in the morning and said, "Put on an apron and bring a muffin pan and come to the back door." I obeyed, curious, and she ushered me in to meet the gorgeous Katherine Hepburn. Katherine's father had died and she was looking up relatives

and some of his old friends. Miss Fanny had dated him while he was a student at Randolph Macon. Katherine had been firm with Miss Fanny about telling anyone she was there- hence the pan and the back door. I shall never forget her and her beauty and charm.

We had been married a year or more when the invitation came to attend the wedding of Virginia Evans, Tom's old girl friend, and Major "Chesty" Puller of Saluda, Virginia. Tom wanted to go so I reluctantly agreed. As has become a life-time pattern, we seem to run a little late and we arrived just behind the bride and groom's spectacular entrance under the crossed swords of military pomp. Later, at the reception people came up to Tom to offer their condolences, only to have him introduce me, his wife. I would gladly have gone through the floor.

Tom's total salary for serving the Ashland Church and Milford and King's Chapel was \$138.00 per month. Fortunately a dollar went further then, but trying to live on a dollar a day for groceries was not easy.

We loved Ashland and its town and gown atmosphere on both sides of the railroad track. There were more interesting people per population than we have found anywhere. For example, the neighbor down the street who ran a paper for the love-lorn. Men advertising for a wife had to pay \$5.00 to have their pictures printed, but the women got theirs in free. Any matches so arranged had to pay all of \$10.

Tom, with a full load of academic courses in his senior year at Randolph-Macon, spent many hours with the books, not to mention that weekly sermon, but he made it and was Valedictorian at that.

Paul was coming to America to attend Darlington Preparatory School in Georgia and headed for Davidson College. A spell of homesickness moved me to telegraph him on the train to get off at Ashland which he did. One thing led to another and he decided or we persuaded him to stay

with us and take his senior high school year in Ashland. We were so excited about the whole arrangement that we failed to notify either our parents in Korea or Darlington.

It was a very good year. What Paul lost in academic instruction he gained in getting to know America and the South. It was fun for me especially, since Tom was so pressed to study. We bought a model A Ford, second-hand of course, for all of \$50. We had to pay for it in two installments. The inside was in bad shape and Paul and I undertook to reline it. With 10¢ a yard material we laboriously worked, even lining the pockets on the doors. We were right pleased with our efforts - until it rained and the darn thing leaked. We named the Model A "Gargoil" because he gargled oil. But with all his faults he took us many a mile and never let us down on the road. We liked to go to Richmond to the Lowe's theater for a big treat, and we took picnics and went to various near-by places of interest.

Many of our friends from seminary and PSCE came to see us. Without a dining room or a table, we took off a door or two and sat on the floor.

The RF and PRR tracks were between us and the road and at that time there were about 100 freights a day and numerous passenger trains. Our rooms shook and windows rattled each time one thundered through. The dust and black smoke engulfed us. But we were young and in love so it disturbed us very little.

Our second year in Ashland we moved to a larger apartment on Henry Clay Avenue in order to have a room for Mother Southall who was being dismissed from the Blue Ridge T.B. Sanitarium. Tom still had \$138 a month for the three of us. (Paul had gone on to Davidson). It was not an easy adjustment for either Mother Southall or me, but with love on both sides we made it.

Tom and I were in constant correspondence with the "Foreign Mission Board" with reference to our applications to go as missionaries to Korea. Things were tense in that

land of great growth among the Christians. Japan, their owner, was a cruel taskmaster and the church was a place of solace. It had been a long time since any missionaries had been sent to Korea, so more to encourage the older team out there than anything else, the Board decided to send out four young couples and two single women in 1938. These were: The John Talmages, the John Prestons, the Jim Wilsons, Margaret Pritchard, Elizabeth Woods, and us. We called ourselves "the Junior League."

But I am getting ahead of my story. Tom had borrowed \$1000 for his last year at seminary and the Board decreed that no missionary would be sent out owing any money. (On the very small salaries there would be no way to make payments). It seemed we would not be able to go, but out of the blue I received a letter from a law firm in Rochester, New York enclosing a check for \$1000! It was our first of many direct answers to prayer. So I did thank the Lord but couldn't help adding that I would like to have enough left over for a new pair of hose. The money came from the will of Grandmama's twin brother, Uncle Waddel. He had never married and had told Grandmama that his rather sizable estate would go to her, but something strange happened and a new will was written leaving out all the family except a thousand dollars each to Mama and to me.

Mother Southall decided she would wait to join us in Korea after language school which would take two years. During this time she went to live with her sister (Maria - "Auntie") and niece, Virginia and husband, Dr. Bob Perry who had one son, Bobby - in Greensboro, North Carolina.

Looking back, our two years in Ashland were rich in many ways. Our youth group grew from four to thirty and the church and two chapels also grew and blossomed under their first resident pastor. (Following seminary professors).

We went back to Tom's 50th class reunion this spring (1987) and were given a copy of the history of the Ashland Church and met some of those fine folks again. Our youth

group members have become the leaders of the church which has grown and flourished. In their beautifully bound volume of photos of former ministers, ours was the only page which included a wife. They said it was a joint ministry and they wanted it that way.

One memorable experience was Tom's first and only rite of baptism by immersion. At his examination for ordination in Hanover Presbytery in Richmond in 1936, he was asked if he would immerse provided no-one felt the method necessary for salvation. He, being young and innocent, said yes, he might. Well, eat his words he did when a whole family wanted to join the King's Chapel and wanted to be immersed. The ceremony took place on a beautiful Sunday afternoon in a river near a bridge. Tom had gotten some coaching from a classmate who was a member of the Christian Church - all about holding the person up-stream and asking them to hold their nose, etc. A large crowd gathered and the choir stood on the bridge. Everything went beautifully but, said my beloved, that was the last time for immersing. The strain was too great, not to mention the loss of a good leather belt and two soggy tennis shoes.

Korea - 1938-40

How do missionaries travel? In 1938 it was by train and steamship. Today, of course, it is by 704 Boeing jet. When we went out it was a three week trip. Now it is about 24 hours.

But baggage is another matter. In Richmond we had known the Reeds who were missionaries in China. "The way to do it," said John, "is to have Brooks Transfer Co. build you a crate to hold all your household stuff!" And so we did. Sounded so simple. Only problem, the narrow-gage railroads of Japan could not handle such a large box and it had to be transferred to a cargo ship and sent to Mokpo, a port in south Korea.

We arrived in late May and all summer we looked for that box. All we had with us were a couple of suitcases with our clothes. There were no stores where we could buy a pot or pan. From Chidi San Tom would make weekly trips down the mountain to Mokpo to see if the box had arrived. When it finally did it was so big no one recognized it was ours even though it had SOUTHALL in giant letters on the side. Eventually it was docked and the box dismantled. Every board and nail was carefully saved and hauled to our very empty house where we used the boards for much needed kitchen cabinets. The main trouble was that we were charged double for the inconvenience of it all. Miraculously an anonymous donor paid the freight. (Though we never knew for sure I have always thought it was Heron Mitchell who was then serving on the Board of Foreign Missions.)

Our second wedding anniversary was lost mid-Pacific when we crossed the Meridian and skipped a day, but Tom remembered and gave me a lacquer bowl and nut cups which we still use.

We were assigned to Soonchun to live in the "Crane

house". Our first stop, naturally, was to Pyengyang where my family was living since Dad was now Professor of Theology at the Presbyterian Seminary. Tom had never seen his in-laws face to face. As I expected though, it was a mutual love feast. However Tom came down shortly with a bad case of amoebic dysentery and was miserable and in bed most of our visit. I had not seen little sister Pobai since she had blossomed into a teenager, and she was a pretty one. My parents were just getting ready to leave for their long-dreamed-of furlough by way of the ports to the Holy Land, Egypt, and Europe, where Dad would study Archeology under Professor Albright and Mama would paint wild flowers and cathedrals. So we had a quick hello and goodbye.

In 1938 Korea was under siege (so to speak). The Japanese were preparing for their greater war in East Asia. They could not afford to have an undisciplined enemy at their back door, so a state of near martial law was over the land of Korea. Spies were like flies and no one spoke against the government without paying a heavy price. The missionaries were very suspect. Why, thought godless Japan, would anyone spend his life talking about God. They assumed our work must be a cover for espionage. Our mail was read and any trip we took was carefully examined as to motive and cause.

It was so tense, one had to laugh. The first summer on Chedi the residents made their own fun. Every Friday night a different group put on some sort of entertainment. Our Australian friends did mock grand opera, and we, the Junior League, put on a radio show complete with commercials about Kim's kimchi where the flavor lasts. To simulate the radio mike I affixed a cardboard circle to a stick found around the cottage. Unfortunately, the stick was Paul's from his climb up Mount Fuji where each station was started on the stick. This was considered almost sacred.

Most radio stations were named J-O- something. We named ours J-O-K-E. The next morning we had a visit from

the plain clothes man who did not see the humor. He was sure we were running a ham radio somewhere. He searched the house, took the stick to check it out, and gave us a lecture about disrespect. From then on we were suspect.

The Japanese were afraid to punish us directly and openly (they did not know about hostage-taking), so they took it out on our Korean friends. Once we sent a basket of fruit to a friend who was ill and he was taken out and beaten for receiving it. The idea was to drive a wedge between the missionaries and the Korean Christians. The issue they chose was emperor worship. Every school child and teacher must bow to the shrine of the emperor, and to his picture which was placed in each class-room. The Korean Christians and missionaries saw this as a violation of the first Commandment and all mission schools were closed. The same technique was applied to the hospitals, and finally to the churches. Korean pastors were arrested and imprisoned. During those years and during the war that followed some 220 Presbyterian pastors died in prison.

Fortunately for us younger missionaries there was language school to keep us occupied. We went for three months, fall and spring, to Seoul to the formal language school for all foreigners, and while there we camped together in a sparsely furnished missionary home which was vacant. In some ways it was lots of fun. We took turns planning the meals, had a community cook, and divided the expenses in a common pot which we were always short on feed. Those of us who were Korea kids - John Nelson, Johnny Preston, and Otto DeCamp, and I from the North-

ern Presbyterian Mission - were in the advanced class where we had to be un-taught our Korean child-talk and our country accent. The others had to start from scratch.

Near Thanksgiving the group invested in a live turkey, rare in Korea. We kept him in the basement and Tom took on the task of daily feeding. When the time came to

sacrifice the bird Tom had to leave the house. He didn't enjoy the Thanksgiving treat very much.

Elizabeth and Otto, the singles, were naturally thrown together, and Rocky Talmage and I were especially interested in promoting their romance, which was the wrong technique. All looked hopeless but after we had left Korea they were married. With all this going on we became and continue to be close friends.

Soon after my family left on furlough I went to a doctor to confirm what I suspected. I was pregnant, due around Christmas, but just before Thanksgiving I went into labor. It was four a.m. and all telephone service was out and the street cars were not running. We had no car so Tom bicycled five miles to get the doctor. Fortunately Elizabeth was an R.N. trained in obstetrics, and she had practically delivered our baby before the doctor arrived. But our baby girl was too small to live and she died after several hours.

In my state of shock I simply could not feel anything. Hopes so high suddenly dashed so low. People began to come in and tell me it was God's will and all for the best. Of course they meant well but it was no help to me as I struggled to understand. Missionary friends made a small casket (there were no undertakers), and Japanese law required cremation, another hard thing to accept. I was too weak to go a day and a night to Soonchun to bury our little Lillian beside my brother Curtis and sister Letetia, so Tom went on the train by himself. Missionary friends in Soonchun were dear and Mr. Swicord, from Chunju, insisted on driving him to Soonchun. There was no train.

The months that followed were hard for both of us. I was very depressed and simply could not eat. Johnny Preston, who became my doctor, told me if I didn't eat he would have to feed me intraveinously, and so I tried. Slowly. The first thing I was able to keep down was a Korean persimmon.

I began to look around for something to take my mind off myself and decided to try a cooking class for some of the young women in Soonchun whom I had known as school girls. We were not allowed to teach Bible, but I told them we would do a little Bible study on the side. Koreans are wonderful cooks with their own food but were fascinated with "American cooking". It was something new. They arrived in their silks and satins so the first job was to make aprons. Then we made ovens out of empty 5-gallon oil tins in which we baked biscuits and even bread and cake. After we cooked we always had a tasting party.

One day a taxi drove up to our door and a handsome man in Korean dress got out. Behind him came a servant carrying a basket of fruit - a sure sign that he wanted a favor. After we had tea and had thoroughly discussed the weather, Mr. Sung cleared his throat and said, "I have an unworthy daughter-in-law who would like to join your cooking class." I was delighted, and learned that her husband, Howard, was a boyhood friend of my brother Paul's, and was now studying in America. The Sung family were aristocrats and could not associate with the lower class who make up most of the Christian community, so this was quite a step. Opal had not ever been allowed out of the family courtyard.

She came - so shy and so sedate and prettily dressed as for a ball with diamond pins in her hair. I put her in an apron and soon we were all in a merry mess kneading dough.

Opal had never read the Bible. We were studying the Psalms and when we read the 23rd Psalm she began to cry. "That is the most beautiful word I have ever heard. Could it be true that there is a God like that?" We were glad Opal had wanted to come and learn to cook.

But there were good times during our short years in Korea. Missionaries are a fun lot - they have to be. One of the big things was the rate of exchange of the dollar. Japan had pegged the dollar at five for one. Inflation made

it very difficult for the missionaries to carry on the work. In China the yen was traded at par with the Chinese won which went from 8 to one to 14 to one (Japan was out to curry the good will of the Chinese). So some smart missionary figured out that we could take our salary and work checks to China and get twice as much. And this became routine. Different missionaries took turns taking everybody's check and trading them at par for Chinese money and then back again at par into Japanese won. Tom and I went on two of these safaries, and enjoyed seeing Peking and Tsensin besides coming back with more money than we took. It is the only time I have ever believed in Santa Claus. We were able to buy some beautiful gifts and household things as well.

Cut off as we were from news, we hardly knew how very close to war we were in the fall of 1940. Dr. Rogers had a short wave radio which was against the law with a prison offence. But he listened to Shanghai at 1:00 A.M. and would tell us what he heard. War was in the air.

One night Tom and I sat down together to make a list of what we would take if we had to evacuate limited to just one suitcase. I was pregnant again and did not want anything such as travel to endanger the life of this baby. Soon after making our list some one from the state department came to Soochun to tell us of the order for all non-essential personnel to be evacuated on the Maraposa due to arrive in November.

The next day, Sunday, the station met without us and voted that we should leave sooner - on the last passenger ship which was scheduled to leave Kobe on Tuesday morning. The Prestons had booked passage on this Japanese ship - the Nitta Maru. We had no reservations but they told us to go anyway and to take anything available. We were allowed one trunk and two suitcases. We had just hung the last curtain in our large home - the same home in which I was reared - and it has always been a good lesson for me not to value

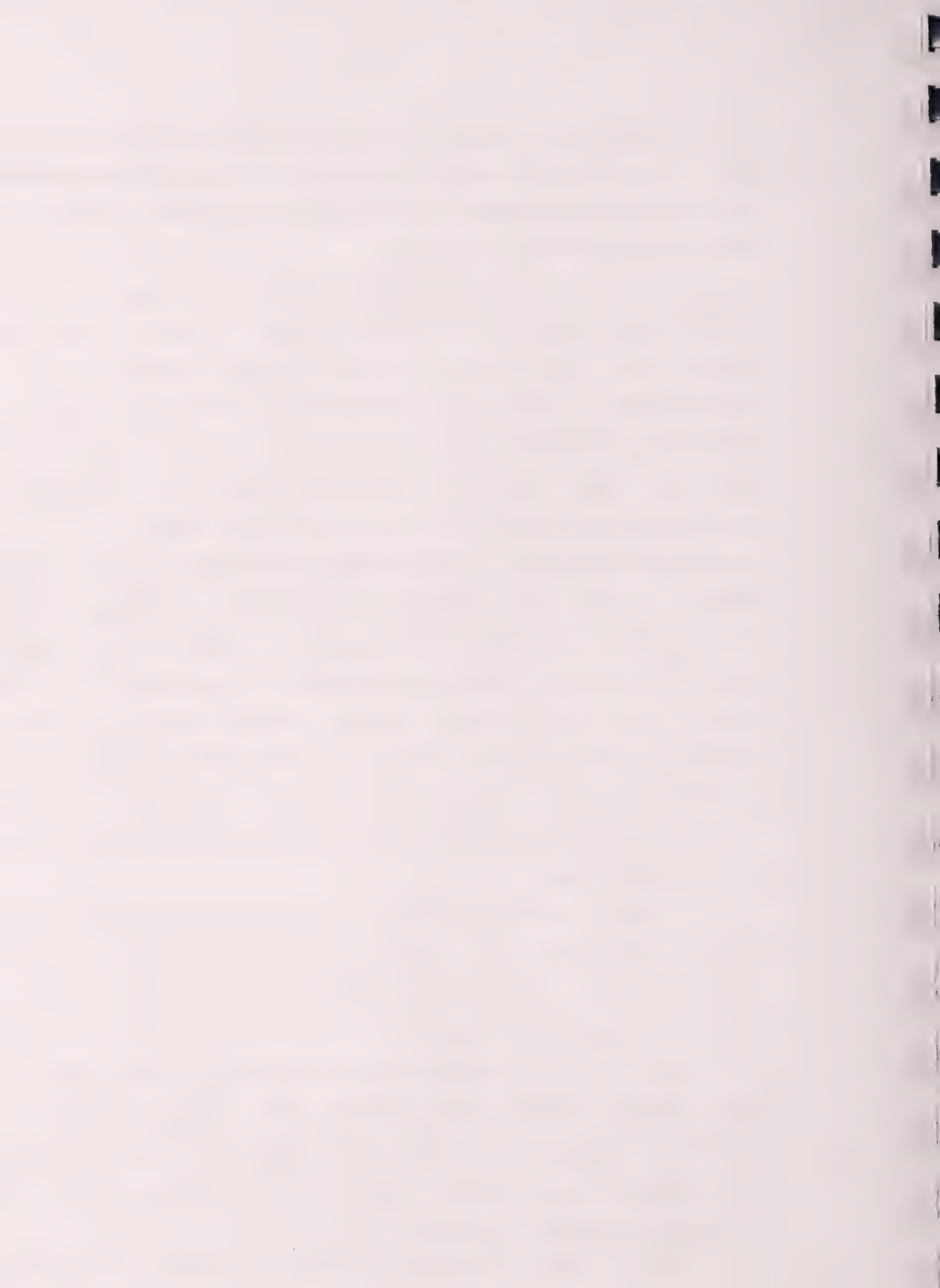
material things too highly. We left Tom's father's library, all our furniture, wedding presents, and many other things, but on the Japanese ship we were given the bridal suite and we made it to America safely.

Our ship stopped in Hawaii for an overnight. The Tom Newlands from Korea with whom I had gone to PYFS with, met the boat and decked us in flower leis and while we were enroute to their home I fainted. Johnny revived me but I fainted again. Tom Newland suggested taking me to a small pineapple plantation hospital, but since it was Saturday the doctor was not there, so they left me for the night. Strangely, when I took off the lei I was fine. I figured I was allergic to the strong perfume of the flowers. So there I was, high on a hill overlooking beautiful Pearl Harbor which was that very week-end celebrating Navy Day. I slept fitfully and woke early only to realize I had neither money nor ticket nor passport. I didn't even have a phone number where the Newlands could be reached. I believed the ship was to sail at 11:00- Eleven came and went and I became frantic. Finally, about two o'clock the group sauntered in having had a wonderful time. "Oh yes, did we forget to tell you?" they said. "The boat was delayed. So sorry!" I have never considered divorce but at that particular time murder was sure an option.

I had my 24th birthday on board ship and the Japanese captain arranged a private dining room and a cake with all the trimmings. He was such a nice man. It hurt me to learn later that he went down with his ship at the beginning of the war so soon to be declared.

Our long journey ended in Greensboro, North Carolina where Mother Southall was staying with the Perrys. They helped us find an apartment and Mother S. moved in with us. Mama came back from Korea on the Maraposa in November and also came to stay with us. (Dad was one of seven who was allowed to remain in Korea.)

Our first Christmas back in America was spent



awaiting the arrival of our over-due baby - son Tommy. Pobai and Paul also came to spend the holidays; she from Agnes Scott and he from Davidson. Paul was with us in body but his mind was very much centered on another student at Agnes Scott- Sophie Montgomery to whom he was engaged.

January 13th came and still no baby, but the flu bug invaded our group. Mother S. caught it first, then Mama, and by that time the doctor said he would take me to the hospital to keep me from getting the flu. However my flu and Tommy arrived on the same day, January 13th. By this time Tom was laid low with the bug, so Paul and Gin Perry came and stayed with me during the ordeal. Afterward Paul went back to Davidson and gave out the cigars.

My baby Tommy was a beautiful baby - perfect in every way, but I had to look at him in the nursery from the doorway and couldn't nurse him because of my flu.

Tommy had his days and nights mixed up for a while during the time Tom was out telling all the churches about Korea - so it was a long spring. In those days a new mother was not allowed down the stairs for six weeks.

Through Preacher Bill McCorkle and Josie Morris (whom I had known at PSCE), the Banner Elk Church in North Carolina heard about us and Tom was called to the church with its three chapels four thousand feet high in the Blue Ridge Mountains.

Banner Elk, North Carolina- 1941-46

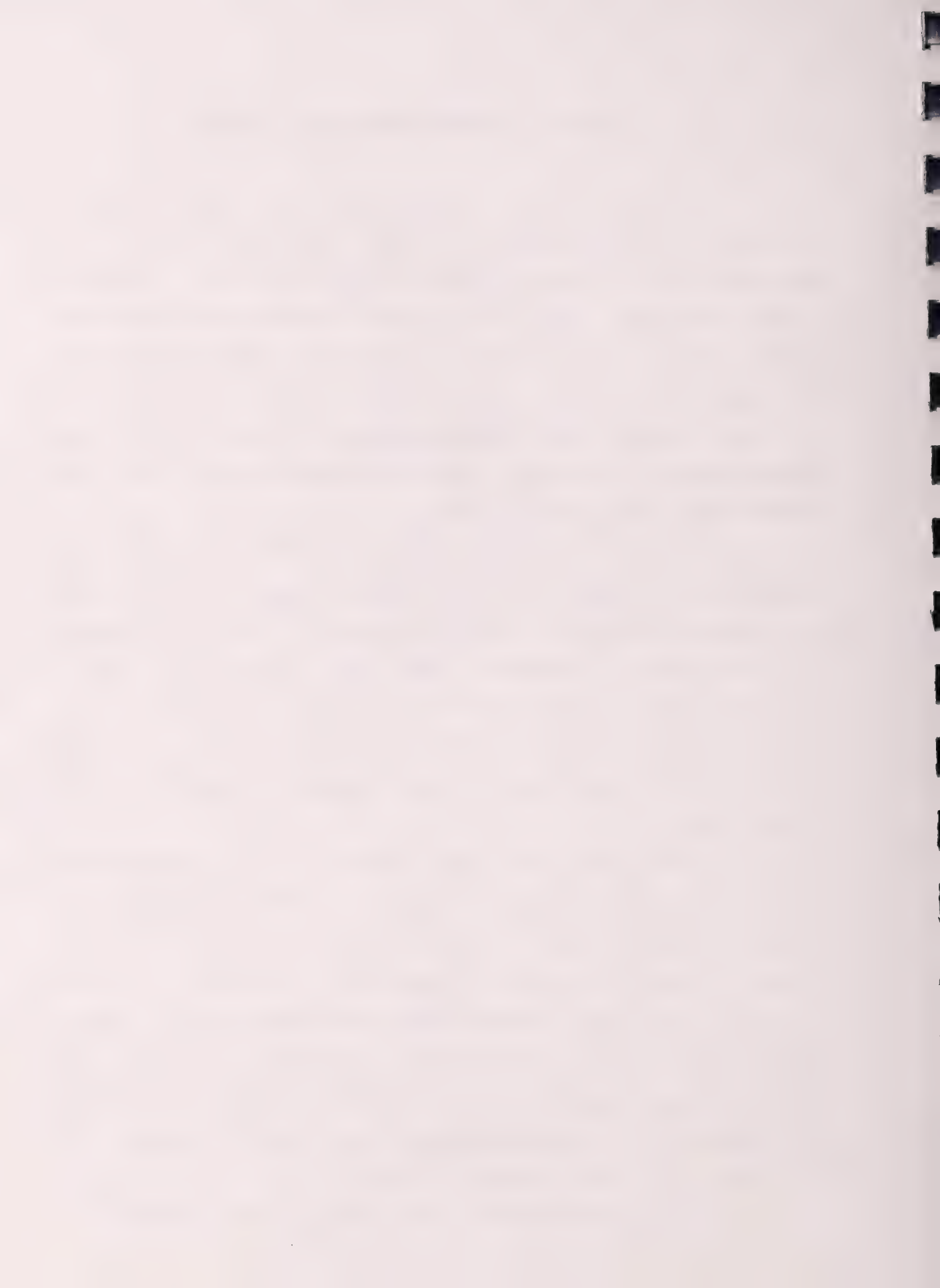
Our five years in Banner Elk have remained some of our very happiest memories. The area, though remote was beautiful and we became a part of all communities - mountain town and gown. Dr. Tufts who was the last of his seminary class to get a placement went into these mountains and spent his life there. Very literally since he died on horse back. He established a dozen churches and chapels, a school which in time became Lees McCrae College, a clinic which became Cannon Memorial Hospital, and an orphanage which was named Grandfather Home for Children.

The mountain people loved and revered Dr Tufts, and also his widow and children whom we knew. However as the institutions began to grow and outsiders came in to take management, a natural rivalry developed. Tom, in his genial way, was able to identify with both groups and was an instrument of healing in several concrete instances.

We had no car so an elder, Frank Perry, took Tom to preaching points which were five to ten miles up and across mountains on very poor roads. Pastoral visiting was by shanks mare.

We had never known the natives of the Appalachian Mountains. They were a shy people of exquisite dignity and rugged individuality with a love for music and beauty. They felt and demonstrated a deep loyalty. Family by family began coming to see us. They would come before breakfast and stay until dark. No one had a telephone and the thought that we had any other plans never occurred to them. They were giving us the gift of their friendship. But they always brought along a material gift - blueberries or wild strawberries, a handmade basket or a piece of carved wood. We came to love them deeply in return.

One day the Presnell family came. Ed, a deacon who



had bought a suit(his first) for Presbytery, his wife Ellie, and their two beautiful children. After a while Ed said, "I want you should teach Ellie to play the pianie so she kin play for church." This I did. It was not hard for she was quick to learn and had music in her soul. Since she had never been to school, I had some problem with time and notes with different count, so I solved it with an apple - cutting it up into halves, quarters, etc. Another time, one winter morning Ed showed up alone and told me, "I want ye to go with me to Asheville to find Ellie an orgin so she can practice at home when hit's cold." We made an odd pair that snowy morning, Ed with his long black beard in the pick-up with a broken window-pane. But we found the "orgin" and he surprised Ellie for Christmas. Years later Ed became well known for his beautifully carved dulcimers, and had his photo in the Craftsmen of the Southern Highlands magazine.

Besides these wonderful mountaineers there was the town and gown community which were a part of the institutions. And there were ninety orphans at Grandfather Home and 200 college students at Lees McRae. Orphans and students were required to attend church. So the Banner Elk Church was unique in that on any given Sunday there were more people in church than there were names on the rolls. Two of the students were Pat Daniels and Mac Junkin, and they are among our all-time loves.

Our close friends were Alex and Virginia Moffett, returned from China due to the war. Alex was a surgeon at the hospital, and when the Director, Dr. Tate, needed a head nurse to teach nursing we suggested Margaret Pritchard, one of the members of our Junior League in Korea. She came to the hospital in Banner Elk and brought her saintly father to live with her.

Other friends were Laura Hall, Anne's sister from Belmont, who taught in the elementary school; and Ruth Worth, also a refugee from China. We stayed with the Stimpsons before our little stone manse was ready, and we

loved them and their three beautiful daughters. One of them, Eugenia, married Ed Tufts, Jr., son of the founder. He was called upon graduation from Davidson College to head the Foundation (all three institutions.) He developed Hodgkin's disease after just a few years and died, leaving Eugenia and two children. During this time we became very close friends. Mrs. Tufts, Sr., widow of the founder, was a lovely lady, as was her daughter, Margaret, who taught at the college.

The big event in our family in 1942 was the birth of Florence on September 27. With flaming red hair and merry blue eyes she arrived in a hurry on a Sunday morning. She has been strong and healthy always and a joy to us and her own family ever since.

Visits from family and friends include the happy experiences of our years in the mountains. Paul and Sophie came from Baltimore where he was at Johns Hopkins Medical School and she was in nursing. Mama and Dad came often, and old friends from Ashland, and various missionary buddies.

Pearl Harbor Day, December 7, 1941, was the Sunday that Dad was to baptize Tommy. Mama had saved some Jordan River water for the sacrament. Since we had waited for Granddad's return from Korea Tommy was nearly a year old. When Dad reached into the bowl to put water on Tommy's head, Tommy imitated him and reached in the bowl and put water on his Granddad's head. Afterwards at the dinner table Mother S. turned on the radio for the news, and we heard Roosevelt's tragic announcement and declaration of war. A day of both blessing and infamy.

I must tell you of Dad's miraculous Korean escape. He had stayed in Pyongyang with about five other missionaries from different denominations. All were under house arrest in their own homes. A Catholic priest was in jail for having a ham radio. The plainclothesman who was assigned to Dad was a sour sort who never spoke. Dad tried kidding with him to no avail. And he tried preaching which

also met with no response. So they spent their time together very quietly. On an afternoon walk, however, the man pulled from his pocket a paper and gave it to Dad who, able to read Japanese, saw that it was an order for his arrest, dated the next day. The man, his glum house guard, gave him a pass to get on the train and a ticket to Shanghai, then turned on his heel and left.

Dad made that train but he often grieved over the price the policeman may have had to pay. When his escape was discovered the authorities wired ahead to the Shanghai police to intercept his boat and take him in international waters, but the tender sent out to do this ran into another ship in the harbor so Dad was able to land safely in Shanghai. He had just reached America for the December 7th baptism.

During our Banner Elk years Dad was called to serve a little sleepy church in Pascagoula, Mississippi. Engles Shipyard had just received a big Navy contract and the town was inundated with people from everywhere. The community was hardly ready to absorb the 10,000 extra people who were pouring in. Not the roads, nor schools, nor housing, etc. The Catholic priest and the Protestant ministers banded together to help, and Dad loved it. During the week, churches were used as schools and provided bus service. A new church was started in the instant trailer city. And there were problems compounded by uprooted families, strange and in need. Dad was in the midst of an American mission field and he loved it. Mama loved it too, for another reason. Pascagoula was a water-front town with great live oak trees which shaded Azalea and Camelia bushes- all of giant proportions. Their kitchen faced the water and Dad said they had "sketchy" meals.

Pobai was attending Agnes Scott College in Decatur, Georgia, and she came to be with her parents for the summer. She had completed two years of college but decided Pascagoula was more fun. So she found a job in the drafting

room of the ship-building department, and Providence seemed to play a hand for it was there that she met Mr. Big Bill Hefelfinger. Bill was from St. Louis. He was a young Navy lieutenant assigned to inspect ship-building and had left behind a Catholic girl-friend. Marriage had been out of the question because he could not 'swallow' the priest's instruction. This stirred him to go church hunting and when he visited the Presbyterian church where Dad served they hit it off right away. Bill began studying the Bible with Dad once a week and, growing in the faith, wanted to be baptised.

I was visiting from Banner Elk that Sunday and Dad sent word from the church to the house for some one to bring the baptismal bowl which was on our kitchen table after a polishing. Pobai ran over with the bowl, met Bill, and - guess what? Yes, they soon began dating - and were married the next February. I came to be in the wedding and brought two-year old Tommy who was ring-bearer. He dropped the ring but it was an otherwise lovely wedding. Bill's next Navy assignment was San Diego, and there their daughter Martha was born

The last summer we were in Banner Elk polio broke out in epidemic form. Public gatherings were closed - swimming pools, churches, theaters, etc. It was a sad, quiet summer. Tommy would squat on one side of the road and his little friend Johnny on the other where they were not allowed to even pass a ball back and forth. One of the big treatment centers was at nearby Hickory, North Carolina. Another blessing, we escaped the dread disease.

Presbyterians are great for records and 1942 statistics showed the Banner Elk Church had the highest number of members received on profession of faith of any church in the General Assembly. Word got around that the young minister there must be a 'ball of fire' for the Lord. Calls began appearing to 'come over into Macedonia' and help.

One that appealed to Tom was Home Mission Secretary for New Orleans Presbytery which included work with Chinese, Cajuns, French-speaking and German-speaking people, Hungarians, and Blacks. Dr. John Montgomery and his wife, missionaries, were leaving the post to return to China. The Montgomery's were the parents of Sophie, Paul Crane's beloved.

So Tom decided to go to New Orleans, to the dismay of the good people in Banner Elk. The mountain folk said, "We was just gettin' used to you" and the Banner Elk Church said, "We had just finished raising enough money to buy you a second-hand car.".

New Orleans - August 1946

Somehow we manage to pick the worst times to move. To go from 4000 feet at Banner Elk where people complain if the thermometer gets over 80 degrees to New Orleans which is 15 feet below sea level during the hottest month of their very humid summer, is a devastating change for all concerned, and on top of that I was again early pregnant.

David Edington, minister of First Presbyterian Church, met us at the train. Our 'stuff', such as we had, followed in a pick-up truck driven by a friend. Our Banner Elk manse had been furnished in 'early attic' by the good folk there, so we had to start from scratch with two children and Mother Southall to accomodate.

First we were given a rented house near the 'River' - (Mississippi) in a rather run-down, seedy neighborhood. The house - 333 Henry Clay Street - had been very charming, New Orleans cottage style, all on one floor with a hall from front to back and porches on both front and back. The long windows were from ceiling to floor and shutters were used in place of shades. The floors were in bad shape so Tom undertook to scrub and paint them and has been plagued with 'house-maid's knees' ever since. But with a minimum of the cheapest second-hand furniture we could find, we began to settle in.

One night during our first week after arrival I became violently ill. A Dr. Reddick was called since he was the step son of my cousin Claire (Grandmother's niece) who lived in New Orleans. This kind young obstetrician-and-gynecologist spent the night with us attending to me, and in the early hours of the morning I coughed up a fourteen-inch tape worm. He proudly took it to the hospital to show his students. ("Look what I delivered!") My two little ones, Tommy and Florence, also

intrigued told the whole Sunday School about it the next morning. This was my entry into New Orleans society.

Speaking of society, we had never lived in such a cosmopolitan place. So many ethnic strains had melded into this fun-loving, happy-go-lucky city that every encounter was a new and refreshing experience.

After three rather miserable months on Henry Clay Street near the shuttered and cloistered convent of Our Lady of Carmel, we were moved to 1225 Octavia Street - a wide, tree-shaded one, not far from St. Charles Avenue, Tulane University and the Audubon Zoo, not to mention the St. Charles Avenue Presbyterian Church.

While we were on Henry Clay Tommy had started to kindergarten and since our only car, the Montgomery's old Ford, went with Tom, my little boy had to walk and cross busy Magazine Street. Looking back, I am amazed that he made it.

We were sick a good part of our first winter there. The children had chicken pox, flu, and other minor ills. I was put to bed with a threatened miscarriage which finally happened one cold, rainy night while Tom was away. Our first winter was New Orleans's coldest on record. Houses were not built nor equipped to handle it. There was no heater in Tom's Ford. On the night he had to drive 165 miles to Abbeyville he burned candles on the dash board to help defrost the windshield. All water froze in the pipes and in general it was a miserable time. On moving day from Henry Clay to Octavia both children were very sick with measles and we had to go into a cold house. It is a miracle they didn't take pneumonia.

Things got better. On Octavia Street we had interesting and wonderful neighbors. The Kearney's next door and the Kennedy's across the street were Presbyterian. (At least Becky K. was with her three girls. Her Catholic husband, Barrett, finally joined St. Charles when son Barry was baptised.) Across the street were the LePaires, a lovely Catholic family.

I joined Dave Edington's First Presbyterian Church on Clayborne Avenue. It was older but not as large as St. Charles, and I loved Dave and Betty and the smallness and closeness of the church.

Tommy, and then Florence, attended McDonough 14 School which was within walking distance. McDonough, so the story goes, was a bachelor from Baltimore and courted a New Orleans Catholic girl who chose the Church and school teaching. He, a Protestant, left his large fortune to the public schools of both Baltimore and New Orleans with the stipulation that children remember his birthday with flowers. It had become a New Orleans ceremony and was an honor to be chosen a flower-bearer. Both Tommy and Florence were so honored.

Our Presbyterian minister-and-wife group was close-knit. We met often for picnics and fun times. Tom and Mary Bailey Davis were at Canal Street Church. The two Toms were classmates at Union Theological Seminary, and Mary Bailey was a Murphy cousin, related to my Tom. But, as she said, we became closer friends than cousins. Our children continued the two-family friendship. Betty Edington and I were like sisters. We enjoyed the same things and when our kids were in school we took off for Robuain, a trade school in the public school system. We took military and restyled all our friends' hats, made lamp-shades, upholstered and refinished furniture. You name it, we would try it. Most Sunday nights we ate together - whatever either of our iceboxes divulged.

Tom's work was probably the most interesting and certainly the most varied of his career. There were so many ethnic groups. The Chinese mission established a place for sailors. This work was developed by some wonderful women leaders, the last being Miss Lois Garrison. The Mission felt the need to become an organized church and it was Tom's happy privilege to help in the organization, the building of a beautiful Chinese-looking church, and the calling of their first minister, Dayton Castleman.

One summer Tom, with the help of a PSCE student, Ann Farcette and many others, went house to house in a vast new developing neighborhood area to help organize Oak Park Presbyterian Church with 135 charter members.

Tom's work with the Black Presbyterians moved that group from a mission into an organized Presbyterian Church when they called their first Black minister, Moses James. A fine community day care center was run by the presbytery with the help of the members of this church. Tom worked closely to help up-grade the work. One day in talking with our cook he mentioned concern that she was living with a man outside of wedlock. At the time they had a rather large family. "You know, you really should think of getting married," Tom hesitantly counseled. "Well, I have thought of it," she said, "but I just needs to get to know him better."

The work with the small churches out from New Orleans included a number of folks with cajun background who spoke a patois all their own. They were descendants of the Canadian group of Longfellow's poetic saga, Evangeline, and her grave is behind one of those churches. Many families intermarried with Catholics. Remaining a Protestant was hard as all life was under the Roman influence and control. I visited up and down the bayous with Tom to places like Houma, New Iberia, Abbeville and Raceland whose church burned and they used a bar room for a meeting place. We drank their black coffee and listened to their fascinating stories.

One of the small churches north of New Orleans was Hungarian where the old folks observed worship in their native tongue while the younger members held a separate service in English. Two separate churches. They produced the best strawberries any one ever tasted.

There was also a French-Speaking Presbyterian Church in the city, and also a German-Speaking Presbyterian Church.

New Orleans itself had a rhythm all its own. From Christmas on it was Mardi Gras. Members of our church belonged to different crews (men's clubs) which held balls

during Mardi Gras. I had several invitations to some of these balls and 'call outs' to a few. You never knew who invited you. Tom had to wear his tux and sit in the balcony while I sat in the call-out section. When my name was called by the page I rose and he led me to a masked figure who bowed low and offered his arm, silently. He led me to the King and Queen's throne where the page announced my name again and I bowed low after which we danced one dance, and he presented me with a handsome gift - a silver engraved compact or such - and I was escorted back to my seat. The balls were beyond any Hollywood spectacular extravaganza, each with its own theme. One of the balls I attended also hosted the Duke and Duchess of York, and another Margaret Truman and her mother.

Mardi Gras Day - Fat Tuesday before Ash Wednesday - was one we did not miss. We took a picnic and a ladder and met our friends on St. Charles Avenue to watch the parades go by. We also went to the torch-light night parades. Great fun. New Orleans knows how to play

You may recall that I warned you that Virginia, Tom's former girl friend, was to be strangely in my life more than once. In New Orleans I opened the paper one Sunday morning and saw a full page color photo of Chesty Puller (Virginia's husband). He had just been assigned command of the Marine base nearby, and -would you believe - they were living in an apartment on the very next corner from us. They were in Shanghai when we were in Korea, and they had lost their first baby, a girl, as we had. And they had twins, a boy and a girl (which we were to have also). Chesty was too busy and too military for me, but Virginia became a lovely friend.

I also learned from another morning paper of the near capture of Mama and Dad and Jaja (aunt) who were back in Soonchun. There had been a premature uprising of the Russian-trained North Koreans in our port town of Yesu. The group captured the train and came to Soonchun, killing right

and left anyone who was a Christian or who had had any education. Mass hysteria took over and a mob started up the hill to the compound chanting, "Kill the missionaries-foreign devils!" "The missionaries" were my dad, three women, and two frightened American soldiers. Dad went alone to the gate to meet the wild mob. As he stood waiting he heard a voice from out of the crowd that shouted, "You can't kill Cu Moksa (Dr. Crane). He was my teacher." Another and then another joined the call and suddenly the mob was quieted, and they drifted back down the hill. Still, they were imprisoned by the revolting element and Mama took an old sheet, dyed part of it red and made a huge American flag to put on the roof for the U.S. planes to see. The picture was in Time magazine.

Missionaries, post war, going to Asia embarked via New Orleans and it was our pleasure to see many of them off, and often to entertain them in our home.

In 1946 things were opening up in Korea enough for Paul and Sophie and Margaret Pritchard to return, assigned to re-open the Chunju Hospital. The old building had been gutted and everything had been confiscated - nails, wire, toilets, you name it. These three went out with two railroad box cars full of materials and equipment. I had just got my driver's license when they came to stay with us in order to collect this vast amount of supplies. "Sis," Paul would say, "Drive down to Carondelet and St. Charles and pick up five toilet seats --" or something of the sort. Little did he realize what a brave venture it was for me, and I was too proud to tell him - so I went, without mishap.

During their stay with us New Orleans and the Gulf Coast was visited by a fierce hurricane. They had not begun to name them yet but this was a dilly. Ninety-mile winds caused Lake Ponchartrain to rise and flood the lake area, power lines were down, streets were impassable. In the middle of the night the four David Hedlestons arrived from the Army base where all housing was flooded. We had people

everywhere. Paul and Margaret answered a call to go to a neary-by school where a temporary shelter and clinic had been set up. Dr. Johnny Miller, married to Sophie's sister Aurie, was also flooded and called to know if Tom would drive with him out to the lake area to pick up a nurse who was stranded. That was a ride for the books. When they opened the car door to wade through knee-high water and get the girl, the hinge broke and the door flew back leaving a gaping hole in the side of the car.

My biggest problem was how to feed the mob with no electricity for the stove, and not enough food. Tom set out the next day to check on Margaret's family who were right on the coast. The Coast Guard let him through and he filled his car with water and food supplies to take around. Eventually he found Margaret's sister and family. They were safe but a number of close neighbors had died during the night.

Aunt Lizzie and Maude were among the guests we looked forward to having. They came at least once a year, often at Christmas. One Christmas it was the eve of their arrival and I had finished preparations and gone to take a bath when Tommy came running up the stairs calling, "Mama, Mama, Florence has been run over and she's dead!" As Will Rogers once said when he heard news of his own death, "It was a slight exaggeration." But never have I been quite so desperately afraid. I grabbed my coat and threw it over my slip and flew down to the scene. Florence had run out between two cars trying to follow Tommy and his friend, Micky Nolan. Coming head-on, a young teenager had not been able to stop. The axle dragged her so that she was bruised on one side with a lot of skin scraped off on the other, but not a bone was broken. I went with her in the ambulance, as I was dressed, and burned up in my coat, but with only my slip underneath I couldn't very well take it off. Our little girl had a very close call.

Tommy also had a close call. One day a lady drove up

and deposited him and his broken bike at the front door, and left without giving her name. Tommy was in a state of shock. Delivering on his paper route, he had apparently been hit by her. I called the doctor who told us to keep him awake and observe him. He was all right but the bike was not and from the looks of it we decided Tommy's escape from injury had been a miracle.

New Orleans is important to us as a family because it was the birthplace of our twins, Marable Faison and Curtis Crane. They arrived - would you believe it - on April Fool's Day 1949. All life is divided into B.T and A. T. (Before the Twins and After the Twins).

The birth of the twins was a major concern for the Presbyterian community of New Orleans. Gifts poured in from even the smallest churches to help with the tremendous hospital bill since the twins were in incubators for six weeks at \$100 a day per baby. People looked after Tommy and Florence and Mother S. and really showed us what a caring community is all about.

I was glad I had six weeks of rest before pitching in with life with twins. It also gave me some time to get in touch with Tommy and Florence who had felt neglected and who continued to feel that way during the all-pervasive demands of the twins. However they were busy with their own life, both into scouting and Flo took ballet while Tommy had a paper route and a group of neighborhood boys who had built their club house in our back yard. One day through the kitchen window I heard Tommy say to his friend Micky, "Stay here while I go in and work Mama." He has done so ever since. Tommy and his dad went on wonderful fishing trips with Mr. Talmage (John's uncle) who worked with Tom on the Home Mission Committee. The three would leave early in the morning, to wind in and out of the bayous of Louisiana. Mr Talmage knew all the fish and where they were and he always came back with a chest full.

Dr. Williamson said that handling a premie was like

picking up a tomato sandwich, and the twins' first six months was about that stressful. Marable was in the hospital three times with pneumonia and Curtis once. When they were in together they had rooms across the hall from one another. Dr. Williamson didn't trust the nurses to give the constant vigil needed, so I stayed. Pobai came from St. Louis to help out. Bill, out of the service, worked for Lockheed designing tools for planes. She brought her one-year old Susie and four-year old Martha. Poor Susie couldn't understand why her mama wouldn't pay her much mind. We had front and back steps and she spent most of her time crawling up and down them.

After one of the nights I spent with Marable in the hospital, I came home to find Curtis having a convulsion. I grabbed him and put him in a tub of cool, then warm water, and shook him until it was over - then called Dr. Williamson.

About the time all of this was going on at home Dad, in Korea, had a major heart attack - or heart failure - following a bout with pneumonia. He was in constant demand as a speaker at conferences and seminars, and endangering his health. It became Paul's very hard responsibility to order them home. They had bought a little house in Gulfport just a block from the water, before leaving to return to Korea. They rented it to make the payments and the last payment was made the week of Dad's illness (God's timing again). They owned their home and could return to it when they needed it.

We were delighted to have them near again, and many a week-end we went to "Gulf Porch" to play in Granddaddy's ocean. Dad had also bought a small house next door for Aunt Jeja.

One of the things that had to go due to life with twins was my long, red hair. Before the days of hair dryers, I either had to wash it at night and go to bed with a wet head (which if I did I paid for with serious sinus

trouble) or wash it in the day and try to carry around two babies with hair to my waist drying. One day, without telling a soul, I made a date at a beauty parlor to have it cut. "Cut this virgin hair!" exclaimed the operator. "Well, I'm no virgin," I answered, "and the time has come." She cut off an 18" switch. Tom was completely stunned, and definitely not pleased.

We had sad news from Pobai and Bill in St. Louis. Bill had been diagnosed with a fast-growing cancer of the lymph glands. This was their second crisis since their four-year old Martha had fallen down a fire escape stair from their second-floor apartment, and had subsequent brain surgery to remove a damaged part of the front lobe. A prayer chain was formed in both of these tragic occurrences - and our Lord in his love brought miraculous healing to each.

The twins were two when my good Dr. Reddock read me the riot act. My long time endometriosis had become worse and my normal weight of 115 had dropped to 86 pounds. Something had to be done, he said, or I would become an invalid. I begged for time for the twins to get a little more independent. Paul and Sophie were due for a visit. Dr. Reddock wanted Paul to come talk with him. Paul came home from the "medical chat" with, "Sis, we have a hospital bed reserved for you for Monday. You need a hysterectomy or else -" I was all of 34 years old. "What will happen to my family?" I asked. "We'll take care of that," he said. And so they did. Mary Coxe, a good friend from First Church, ran a nursery school and she promised to keep the twins in the mornings. We hired more help, and neighbors and friends did more than their part bringing in food and meeting other demands. Dr. Reddock had said, "You will become a new person." It took a while, but it did happen. I had forgotten how good it felt to have energy.

The twins were four when the Lord started pushing us to move again.. Tom's good work in the presbytery did not go

unnoticed and he had several rather persistent offers. He turned down Concord Presbytery's Executive Secretary offer, but after a year they came in person to ask him again and said they would not take 'no' for an answer until he came to see the field for himself. When he returned I knew it was time to start packing. I had never heard of Statesville, North Carolina. Couldn't even find it on our map. And New Orleans was such fun, with so many friends. Why, O why... but of course we went.

So many good memories we carried from our eight happy years in New Orleans. A cup of coffee au lait after an evening at Pops - going with my neighbor, Mrs. Hathaway, into the back alleys of Magazine Street hunting for bits of pressed glass - a trip up the river to see the beautiful old plantations, ghosts of a grander day - happy times with my church family at old First Church (the women gave me a Life Membership) - azaleas and camelias blooming in February, and bushes of poinsettias in the yard at Christmas - wonderful places to eat - and our neighbors, and minister-and-wife group. Fortunately we carried many of these friendships with us and still keep in contact. It was hard for us to leave.

During the years after Dad's return to the States and some surgery to relieve a clogged artery, he seemed stronger. The Presbyterian Seminary of Korea, moved to Seoul after the war, asked Dad to turn his theology notes into a text book. The World Mission Board approved the funding which included the fare and salary for a brilliant young Korean minister, Mr. Kim Hyung Mo, to come help him. It was a terrific undertaking, but it gave Dad a new test and goal in life, and in two years' time a text was ready for the printer.

The culmination and fitting climax for my father's rich and creative life was to be invited back by the Korean

seminary to teach his own text. Wild horses could not have kept him from accepting the invitation, and of course where Dad went, Mama went also. It may have shortened his life, but for him it was well worth it.

Statesville, North Carolina- Good Friday, 1954-66

The presbytery of Concord in the person of Mr. R.D. Grier had made generous preparation for the Southall family. Our home was to be a two-story brick house (487 North Center Street) directly across from Statesville Senior High School. The house was well-suited for us. There were four large bedrooms with an additional small one, a full basement, garage, and a large yard. We even had a dishwasher. Joy bells!

Rather than pay to move our meager belongings, they had beautifully furnished our new home with what the area is known for, top quality furniture. I did hate to leave Grandmama's round oak table with four leaves and eight chairs which I had lovingly refinished. We sold the whole set for fifty dollars - a crying shame.

Two good things about all this grandeur: one, it wasn't ours and two, we had a rowdy family of four to work on it. They (presbytery) had even driven down a car for Tom's use as the one we used in New Orleans belonged to that presbytery.

We arrived on Good Friday but the van did not reach us until Monday. How were we possibly to make a decent church entry on Easter Sunday? Well, the Lord has a good sense of humor and a delightful way of keeping us humble, and we appeared with our own 'come as you are' celebration.

From a cosmopolitan city to a small town in Piedmont North Carolina was a drastic change for us. The first night after unloading and trying to settle in, I suggested to Tom that we go to town for a cup of coffee. It was around 10:00 P.M., and would you know - they had rolled up the streets!

It never takes us long to adjust. Tommy started at

DeMatt Thompson Junior High School and Florence joined the sixth grade at Davie Avenue Elementary School, and in the Fall, when the twins started kindergarten at Davie, Florence had moved on to Dematt. Tommy was allowed to ride his bike to school but the others had to be driven.

Neill McGeachy and his beloved Fritz were pastoring First Presbyterian Church where we became members. They were most gracious in making us feel at home. Pat Daniels McJunkin was church secretary and Mac, her husband, worked at a men's clothing store. Those two adopted us right away.

Tom had a small office with a part-time secretary over Holmes Drug Store. Later he moved to an office over the North Carolina National Bank where, to keep in touch with 199 churches and their ministers and families, he was given a full-time secretary, Agnes Milam. He also put out a presbytery newspaper, worked with the Camping Committee as they developed the 600 acres that Mr. Grier had given for a camp, and was in demand as a supply preacher across presbytery. In short, he was a very busy man and we did not see much of him.

Mother Southall had enjoyed New Orleans and the fifty dollars a month Huey Long gave all non-income people, but she was glad to get back to North Carolina. Her sister (Sissie) and niece Virginia and family still lived in Greensboro. Bobby Perry was by then attending the University of North Carolina.

I joined the DAR's since Fritz told me that was the way to 'meet everybody who was anybody', but it didn't interest me much and before long I dropped out. However I immensely enjoyed our small book club which we humorously dubbed 'The Egg Heads'. We studied college courses from Davidson or UNC, all of us reading the books to be followed by a free-for-all discussion at the meetings. Over the years we covered Plato to Faulkner, studied the history and culture of Russia, China, Brazil among other countries, delved into art, literature and drama. All this with a wonderfully congenial "thinking" group of friends.

The Christian Education Committee of our church asked me to direct the Christmas pageant. It went well, and in the spring I was asked to direct Vacation Bible School. It went well, so after this they asked me to be the Director of Christian Education until they could find some one- which took them twelve years. The Sunday I was installed I was tripped as I walked down the aisle and I fell headlong. Another auspicious beginning.

I really enjoyed being a "DCE". The church was full of life brimming with a large youth group and a big Sunday school. We started a week-day kindergarten, and one thing and another brought the need for more space. After numerous attempts to renovate the old educational building, the church decided to enter a three-pronged development program: new educational building, new church (Forest Park), and support of a missionary.

The growing church called several assistant ministers across the years. Jim Atwood, then the Witherspoons, Peggy and Gene, who came to develop the new Forest Park Church. Larry McBath and one or two others.

By this time Mama and Dad had finished their two years in Seoul as post graduates after retirement. Dad enjoyed his teaching but living in post-war Seoul was difficult at best, and the cold weather was hard for his weakened heart condition. Those late years took their toll and when they returned to Gulfport he never was really strong again.

During the 1957 and '58 Mission Season Mama and Dad visited us in Statesville where Dad preached in churches throughout the area. It was so good to have these visits after the last separation. We also visited them annually in Gulfport, but the time came when they were no longer able to come to us.

Coming back to North Carolina had many advantages. One was living near the Belmont Hall family again. We went to see them regularly the day after Christmas to share

wonderful left-overs. Anne, Lara and Martha were living there. Helen had married and moved to neary-by Mt. Holly.

Our friends, Alex and Virginia Moffett now lived in Taylorsville where he was a surgeon in the hospital. About once a month we tried to meet for supper and enjoyed picking up where we had left off with our congenial friends.

Another advantage was being near Montreat, and I became more and more involved in promoting missions, taking youth to the mission conferences every summer. We were also near Davidson College and its many cultural opportunities.

Maude continued to come to see us but Aunt Lizzie was in a nursing home, mentally alert but bedfast. Maude's friend, Mrs. Martha Farmer, came with her. Mrs. Farmer had a seat on the stock exchange and had plenty to invest. She liked to travel but did not drive, so Maude had become her traveling companion. They went on a long trip each summer and took Florence along on one to Canada, and one or two others. One summer Maude invited Tommy to come visit her in Washington, and another summer she asked Florence. She saw to it that they learned a lot about our nation's capitol. And one Easter our whole family visited Maude and the Farmers, whorshipping in the National Cathedral.

Summer 1957 brings at least two memories. In June Robert Perry died from a heart attack. He was such a dear and good doctor (skin), and we were glad to be near-by and with the family. Also that summer our presbytery sent a caravan of youth to Mexico to help build a church. I was a member of the World Mission Committee that helped arrange the trip. The Fred Stairs and Ann McMichael led the group. I was also asked to go but did not feel I could get away. Tom and Peggy McGeachy were among those who made the trip. All reported it was a great experience.

On the 'home front' life was also keeping me busy. Both girls and Curt were active in Scouting. Both girls earned their 'curved bar' but Curt finally dropped out.

The twins were growing up fast. Because they were premie babies their vision was affected and in New Orleans

while they were quite young they began wearing glasses. Curt had the poorest vision and he wore thick lenses for which he earned the nickname "Four-Eyes". Not able to participate in most sports which involved being able to see, he joined the Statesville swim team. We cheered him at meets in all the near-by towns and he did very well. He also liked music, trying a horn for a while, but settled for a guitar and became quite good. He with three other boys formed a group and played for parties, dances, etc.

Marabel's vision was not so impaired and she managed well with all but sharing a room with her big sister. We rearranged things so that each girl had a room of her own and both were quite content.

Besides Scouts, the children were of course involved in church youth groups. We went on retreats to Camp Grier both fall and spring as well as to the summer camping program. Both the twins and Flo studied music, off and on. Curt was the only one who needed orthodonty. It was a pain in the mouth for him, and for us a pain in the pocketbook. There were numerous pets over the years, and they often came to some sad end.

Christmas was a very special time in our family. We enjoyed making popcorn chains and ornaments for the tree, and melting down old candles to create new ones. We had a "committee" made up of the kids who planned a Christmas Eve program with a part for each. We never had a lot of money for gifts but often some church 'angel' sent us a helpful check. One of Tom's Hampden Sidney classmates, Jeter Scott, now wealthy and childless, often sent a fat check. One special year after we had opened our gifts Tom went to a hiding place and produced our first record player. We bought our first black and white television with money I earned directing that first Bible School before I was hired as Director of Christian Education. We also had a second-hand piano.

Nearly every summer we went as a family to Montreal

where I helped with the World Mission Conference. Tommy and Flo were in the youth groups and the twins in the "club" program.

1958 was a big year for Tommy. He graduated from Statesville High School where he was president of the Student Body, active in many clubs and an honor graduate. He won the Baker Scholarship to attend Davidson College, and also had scholarship offers from both Duke and UNC. With a steady girl friend, Nancy Gray, he seemed happy and after the mission conference that summer he signed up to become a candidate for the ministry to serve on some mission field. His future looked full of hope as he entered college.

His roommate was Bill Workman, a professor's son. Bill was a wonderful musician and had a beautiful singing voice which led him eventually into grand opera and residence in Europe. The boys came to visit often.

In October Tom and I were invited to teach in a Leadership School in Dade City, Florida where our good friends the Tom Newlands lived. We had never been in that area so it was a fun week with teaching at night and sight-seeing by day.

The Hefelfingers had also made changes. Their pastor in St. Louis, Bill McCorkle, had moved to Bristol, Tennessee and he urged Bill to give up his engineering and move to Bristol where he and Pobai could "do" church work. Pobai could be a DCE and Bill could work with Men's Work in the church. After some thought, Bill and Pobai did just that. They sold their house in St. Louis and bought one in Bristol.

Bill had felt so grateful for his miraculous cure from cancer that he was eager to serve full time somewhere for the healing Lord. However the new work was too big a change, especially since Bill had had no formal church training and Dr. McCorkle proved to be difficult to work with. Thinking toward seminary, Bill took Greek at King College and did so well that they decided to move to

Louisville, Kentucky where he could attend Louisville Presbyterian Theological Seminary. Pobai had been offered the Director of Education at Meadowview Presbyterian Church. Before they left Bristol they spent Thanksgiving with us.

Our children were growing up. Curtie had a paper route. His dad would take him when it got down to 18 degrees, otherwise he rode his bike. He saved enough money the year he was twelve to buy us a beautiful coffee table which was delivered on Christmas Eve. We have kept it and enjoy it yet. He also made an inlaid end table in shop which is still in use.

Flo had a wonderful set of girl friends - Becky, Mary, Cindy, and a couple of others. Dating boys was fun but arranging instant parties in our basement was a large part of it. The only necessary ingredients were a tub of ice, a case of cokes, potato chips, and a record player. It was usual for parties to be "crashed" by any and all, and some times we had too many to handle. They were rough on house and furniture but we were glad to have them at home where we knew where they were. Years later, Becky became an adult friend of mine and asked me if I knew what went on in the basement during those parties. "Yes," I replied. "The air vents carried every word."

Mother Southall gradually developed what we know now as Alzhiemer's disease. She lost things and forgot things. She spent a lot of time walking up and down the stairs. She had nightmares and cried out in the night. Tom would go and shake her awake. She began to wander so we had our faithful friend, Hessie Lackey, come and stay with her, especially when we were away. Once when Tom was working at the dining-room table his mother came in and welcomed him and asked what she might do for him. She did not recognize him, her only son and joy of her life. It was a sad time for Tom. On a Sunday night as I was leaving for the youth group at church, she fell down the basement stairs and broke her leg. In the hospital she couldn't understand why she was in

a cast and why she couldn't walk, and she would try to get out of bed. Some one had to sit with her constantly. Finally we were forced to place her at Western State Mental Hospital in Morganton because a nursing home refused to take her. In a little more than a month they called to tell us to come as she was dying. We hurried over but she was gone when we arrived. The nurse told us, "She kept calling for Lillian." She died on Veteran's Day, November 11, 1959. The service at First Presbyterian Church was led by Neil and afterward we drove to Charlottesville, Virginia and buried her beside Tom's father in the Southall family plot. The graveside service was led by Alfred Taylor.

1960 - The Year Of Revolt

The youth revolution was in full swing and the Viet Nam War was the target, but young people everywhere were restless and out to make big changes. Our first personal confrontation came in the spring.

Tommy had had a job waiting tables in a swank resort in Maine the summer before, where he met Mike Clippinger and Lucy. Mike came to visit us just before Easter and went with us to attend the impressive Moravian sunrise service. The boys returned to Davidson that afternoon. Tommy had made top grades his first year and was still doing well, so all seemed normal - until we received a call from the college to tell us Tommy was missing.

Anne Hall and I had just left to drive to Gulfport to visit Mama and Dad for a few days. You can imagine what that

news did to my heart and stomach. Tracers were sent out and Tom called to Gulfport to say the boys had been found. They were visiting Mike's uncle in the East, having decided to quit school, work during the summer to earn money to go to Europe and see the world. Gone was Tommy's college education and gone was the wonderful all-expense scholarship.

We tried not to let all this mar Flo's senior high school year. She was also an honor student and editor of the school annual. She had been accepted at Duke, South Western in Memphis (now Rhodes College) and DePauw University at Greencastle, Indiana. I flew with her to visit DePauw and she fell for the Methodist school of 2000 students and its high academic standing.

Tommy and Mike worked hard all summer for a Jewish couple in New York state helping to build a tourist motel. When they returned all seven of us plus Flo's clothes, took

a cast and why she couldn't walk, and she would try to get out of bed. Some one had to sit with her constantly. Finally we were forced to place her at Western State Mental Hospital in Morganton because a nursing home refused to take her. In a little more than a month they called to tell us to come as she was dying. We hurried over but she was gone when we arrived. The nurse told us, "She kept calling for Lillian." She died on Veteran's Day, November 11, 1959. The service at First Presbyterian Church was led by Neil and afterward we drove to Charlottesville, Virginia and buried her beside Tom's father in the Southall family plot. The graveside service was led by Alfred Taylor.

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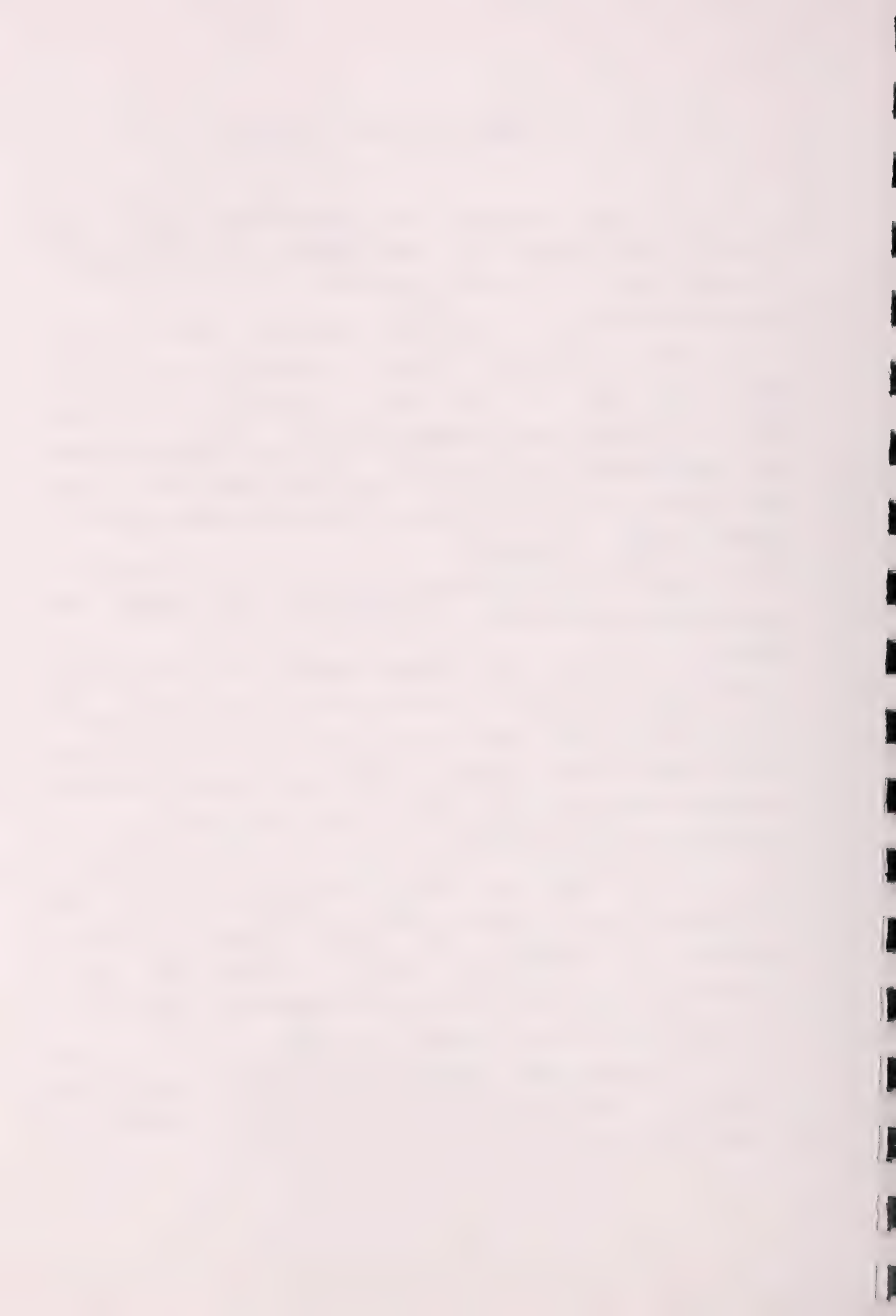
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Anne Hall and I had just left to drive to Gulfport to visit Mama and Dad for a few days. You can imagine what that

news did to my heart and stomach. Tracers were sent out and Tom called to Gulfport to say the boys had been found. They were visiting Mike's uncle in the East, having decided to quit school, work during the summer to earn money to go to Europe and see the world. Gone was Tommy's college education and gone was the wonderful all-expense scholarship.

We tried not to let all this mar Flo's senior high school year. She was also an honor student and editor of the school annual. She had been accepted at Duke, South Western in Memphis (now Rhodes College) and DePauw University at Greencastle, Indiana. I flew with her to visit DePauw and she fell for the Methodist school of 2000 students and its high academic standing.

Tommy and Mike worked hard all summer for a Jewish couple in New York state helping to build a tourist motel. When they returned all seven of us plus Flo's clothes, took



off in our station wagon for Indiana. On the way we spent a night with Dad's cousins, the Heddens, in New Albany, Indiana. The kids were fascinated with Elsie and Will and Earl and Kirk Hedden - all musicians. The old home (Grandmother Crane's) boasted a grand piano, pipe organ, harpsichord, and many other strange instruments. We settled Flo at the college and it sure was hard to drive away and leave her all alone in that far away place. I had made her a prom dress of white eyelet embroidery with yards and yards of ruffles, and I knew she would look lovely...

Flo's first letter told of orientation and of a program at which a senior played folk music on his guitar. Afterward she told him her brother Curt was also into folk music and wondered if they might like to trade some songs. After that she mentioned this John O'Neal a few times and said she had been to dinner at his home which was full of antiques. He was an only child, and Presbyterian. But there was nothing to alert us about any "serious" nature of the relationship, so we were not prepared for a call early in December to tell us that she and John planned to be married on December 17 ! (Tom's father's birthday), and she did not want us to come for the wedding but they would come for Christmas with us. We were stunned and crushed that she did not want us there. We only have the wedding pictures of the occasion, made at the O'Neal's home where an elderly minister who had married John's parents now married them. Flo wore a borrowed dress and their college friends were present, and candles and a cake. Ironically, of our four children's marriages only Flo's and John's has lasted through a twenty-fifth anniversary.

Not long after the wedding John's parents separated. Flo knew about the possibility and perhaps it was one reason she did not want us to come and meet them.

In the spring Flo surprised us again when she wrote to tell us she was pregnant. Finishing out the year and very pregnant when driving to her final exams, she wrecked

the car. She turned completely over, got out, took her exam and did well. Pressed into the financial demands of a family man, John had to drop out of college his senior year just short of graduation, and take a job at a filling station. They had a very rough time.

I went to be with them when Katie was born on August 20, 1961. She was a beautiful strong and healthy baby. John's parents had moved out of the family home and he and Flo were living there. She had a rural paper route and he a part-time job, but he managed to go back and complete his work at DePauw. We all drove up for the graduation. We are devoted to John and fond of both Elizabeth and Bill, his mother and father. Katie, of course, was the first grandchild and she has a very special place in our hearts.

One other important happening in our traumatic year of 1960 was my appointment to the General Assembly's Board of World Missions. This Board was responsible for all actions concerning mission policy and personnel and was made up of four women and a dozen men. We met at the headquarters for the staff in Nashville, Tennessee six times and then four times a year for a two-day session. Part of our responsibility was the World Mission annual conference at Montreat, North Carolina. Heron Mitchell was treasurer of the Board at the time of my election, and Dr. Darby Fulton was in his last year as Secretary. Dr. Watson Street became the new Secretary. It was a crucial time for missions as National churches were wanting more autonomy, diplomacy between missionaries and Nationals was strained, and parity decisions were new and difficult. I served the maximum three terms of three years each, nine years in all.

Paul and Sophie were in Baltimore for a furlough year where Paul was teaching surgery at Hopkins. They invited me to fly up and keep their brood of five while they were mission-speaking across the church, and in return Paul made an appointment for me to see a top specialist in lymph edema which I had inherited from Grandmama and Mama, then in my

right leg. The day of my appointment it began to snow about the time I arrived in the hospital. I was ushered into a cubby hole and told to undress and that "the doctor would see me shortly." After an hour or so of waiting I bravely peeped out to find the whole place dark. Everybody had gone because of the snow. Somehow I had been overlooked. It was about four o'clock then and Paul came to pick me up after his last class at seven. I never had the consultation and never got any further help about my leg. Paul was most apologetic and very embarrassed and insisted on taking me and Sophie out to a nice place to have late dinner. We were the only customers. Nobody else was foolish enough to venture out in the deep snow.

Also on our calendar, fall and spring, was a trip with our large Senior High Fellowship to Camp Grier for a week-end. The fine young couples who acted as advisors were some of my best friends: the McJunkins, Scotts, Dearmans, McElwees and Steeles. We remain very near and dear to one another. I also took those who wanted to go to St. Andrews College for vocational testing.

Flo came for a visit with Katie and Pat and Elaine and others had parties for her.

In the early fall of '61 Tommy and Mike came home to say goodbye before their long-planned trip to Europe. They had saved enough for their passage with a little to spare, but as a precautionary measure Brother Paul wrote a letter to Ambassador Dowling in Berlin who was a friend. (The Dowlings had been in Korea with Paul and Sophie).

When the boys tried to find a job in England (needing money) and leave the ship, the British would not let them land since they were not students nor tourists. So we had a frantic call to wire money as they headed for Bremen. And there they received the same treatment until Tommy pulled out his copy of Paul's letter and the Ambassador was called. He graciously sent his limousine for the boys and kept them at the embassy for a week or so while he tried to find them

some work. The Germans would not hire foreigners, so he got them a job at the U.S. Army Installation under the German quota. They took a room in the basement of a German doctor and worked in Munich. And they ate lots of potatoes and cabbage.

The Dowlings sent a car for them at both Thanksgiving and Christmas, and for safe keeping made them send him their transportation money back to the States. The boys worked until late spring when they took off to tour Europe on foot. Trying to live on two dollars a day they went from Portugal to Greece and across the Mediterranean to Algiers. Finally on July 7, 1982 they landed in New York. Tommy had written asking us to send bus fare to his ship. Mike had not. So they divided the check we had sent and got as far as Washington and bummed a ride to nearby _____. Lucy, their mutual girl-friend, had asked to come stay with us and she went to get them. A sorrier pair you are not likely to see. Unshaven, they had sold their shoes and were wearing old sandals and torn jeans. Tommy carried a guitar in one hand and a large wine jug (empty) wrapped in hemp in the other. But they looked mighty good to us. Eventually I made the wine jug into a lamp and still use it.

Picking life back up at home, Paul Meech, head of Kewanee Tech, gave Tommy a job and he worked and saved money to enter the second semester at Davidson, sans scholarship.

Christmas of '61 was a happy time. Tommy was home and Flo with baby Katie and her mother-in-law, Elizabeth, came. John was in the Reserves in Artillery and he was in camp. And along with everything the twins had lots going on with slumber parties, etc..

The New Year - 1962 - began with snow and Tommy's twenty-first birthday. He had gone back to Davidson but came home to celebrate. And in February the twins went to their first school dance at Dematt Thomson for Valentine's Day. I made Marabel a pretty dress. (Dressing up was still the "in" thing). For their April 1st birthday we rented a

cabin at Camp Grier and they invited friends for fishing, etc..

The big thing in the church that year was the new Covenant Life Curriculum which was going to revitalize the life of the church. It was good. I was in on a number of seminars and studies about the philosophy. Dr. Rachael Henderlite was one of the chief moving spirits.

Another job I enjoyed during those years was being a member of the Youth Advisory Council of the General Assembly. We only met twice a year to plan youth events on a denominational level such as conferences, etc.

In July I flew to Jackson, Mississippi to be with Dad for his surgery to remove a clogged artery in his leg. It was rough but he got along well and was glad to be relieved, in time, of the severe pain.

And in October there was an important week's consultation on missions sponsored by the Board and held in Montreat. This was where the Church-to-church policy was hammered out. Money would no longer go to the mission and mission treasurer but to the National church, and missionaries and National church leaders would decide together how to best use it. This was a hard readjustment for old missionaries but it was a step in maturity for the National churches.

The 1963 big event for me was being included on the Board of World Mission's sponsored trip to the "Rim of East Asia." Our study emphasis for mission season was so called because concentration was to be on Hawaii, Japan, Korea, and Taiwan. Emmie Howerton of the Board had called Neill McGeachy and offered to pay half of my way if our church would handle the balance. It was all done as a big surprise and arrangements were made for care of the family - and then they told me I was going. Paul was our guide and since in Korea my language began to come back and I was still on the Board, I was asked to talk with leaders of the church in different stations. It was much fun, and I returned by way of

New Orleans and had a night with Mama and Dad before going home.

In June we drove to Greencastle, Indiana for John's graduation which was a real achievement since he worked at two jobs and was also a 'family man.' He was such a good student he had a job teaching for the next year in Franklin, Indiana. But before the new job they came down to the beach with us at Ocean Isle where Bobby Perry had let us use their cottage.

That summer Tommy worked in New York as a sailing instructor at a camp for wealthy Jewish kids. One night while he was out with a boatload of youngsters the rudder broke. He improvised with a broom and brought them safely back. He told us the kids would get the paper in the morning to look at the stock market instead of sports or comics. He was asked to return the next summer. Marabel was also invited to the beach. Her first houseparty.

Mid-term of '63 Tommy transferred to UNC on the advice of his philosophy professor, Dr. Abernathy, because Davidson had only one teacher in the department. Not long after the transfer we began to hear about a beautiful blonde in the philosophy department by the name of Diedre Malone. He brought her to be with us for our vacation at Camp Grier. She was very reserved but brilliant.

By fall Tommy had set the wedding date for October 1 in the Duke Chapel at Durham, North Carolina where Diedre's mother lived. They asked Tom to perform the ceremony and the twins and Diedre's brother were to be attendants. We invited Gin Perry and the Davies for family support. After the wedding the bridal party had supper in a nice restaurant. They had rented a part of a duplex in nearby Carrboro. Somehow we were not very excited about this wedding. Intellectually Tommy and Diedre were congenial but we did not feel many emotional sparks. Diedre had hoped her father would come, but he only sent roses.

Soon after the wedding the Tom Barnhardts of

Charlotte had us down to their lovely home on the beach at Ocean Drive. Tom was also a member of the World Mission Board and we had become good friends.

November 22, 1963 is a day we all remember. We all watched and grieved over the assassination of President Kennedy...

The year 1965 - My little day books which give me the dates for this saga are filled with church, particularly youth, activities as well as dates for talks on missions. We went to Gulfport in February to be with Mama and Dad for a week as both their birthdays were in February. We were also over a couple of times to see Tommy and Diedre. A girl friend of Diedre's had moved into the apartment with them. The twins were into parties and friends in our basement. We nearly always had a big party for their birthday.

On our anniversary, May 20, Diedre called to say that Tommy had gone. He had just been awarded a Woodrow Wilson Fellowship for three years of graduate study and I had bought a new dress for his graduation. He had completed everything but his final exams. We went immediately to Chapel Hill and talked with Dr. Adams, his philosophy professor who was also distressed. And we gave Diedre money to tide her over. It was three weeks before Tommy let us know that he was out west looking for a job. He was planning to write books. No address or phone number.

On Friday, July 17, 1964 we had a call that Daddy had died. He and Kelly Unger (Korean missionary) had gone to a Men's luncheon at the church, both in good spirits. Dad was to introduce Kelly who was speaking, and when Dad got up he slumped over and was gone. The twins, Tom and I drove all night to get there. Paul and Sophie were in Korea, but Pobai and Bill came, as well as Uncle Bill and Aunt Katherine Crane and Edgar Martin Crane. It was an uplifting service of praise and gratitude, and I am sure Dad would have appreciated it. The church was packed and many more stood outside.

Although Mama had lived with Dad's illness, it was still a big shock as any sudden death is, and we stayed a week with her when Pobai brought her to Emily's (who was at the funeral). Later we took her to Montreat and left her while we went on our planned vacation west to see Tommy with whom we had finally made contact. He was living in Leadville, Colorado working in the Climax Molybdenum Mine.

We rented a camper and went to get Flo and Katie, and we camped at such places as Wagon Trail, Columbia, Cedar Bluff, Hayes, Officer's Gulch and Frisco Colorado. Tommy seemed happy and unrepentant of his abrupt departure, but he told us that Diedra was lesbian and that the marriage was a sham. He said he loved her but couldn't take the triangle tension.

We drove to Pike's Peak in the snow, went to an old mining town opera-house restaurant in Georgetown and in spite of the domestic crises we had a good week together. At Officer's Gulch where we camped one night, Tommy left his guitar on top of the camper and we drove for miles before discovering that it was missing. We went back looking for it but never found it. Poor Tommy, it was just about his only possession and quite expensive.

On the way home we stopped in Louisville at Pobai's and picked up Martha for a visit and spent the night at beautiful Cumberland Lake, Kentucky. Getting closer to Montreat, our starting point, the car gave out, but all in all it was a good trip and we were once more in touch with Tommy.

We found a very nice small apartment for Mama in Statesville, as was her desire, but she never felt safe there and after a few months moved in with us where she continued to live the rest of her life.

We and the twins went to Washington for Thanksgiving while Mama visited Pobai and Bill. In Washington, Aunt Lizzie had died and Maude was not too well.

The 1965 Women of the Church Birthday Offering was to

go to the Jesus Hospital in Chunju - Paul's hospital and dream. He was given time off to come to the states and speak and I went with him some. As usual he worked under pressure but it was the largest offering ever given - half a million dollars. With matching funds from the German Lutheran Church and some good interest money, he was able to build a two-million dollar medical center in Korea.

During the Kennedy years Paul was called back into uniform to interpret for President Park Chung came on an official visit to the White House. It was a two-day affair and Paul sat between the Presidents at the state dinner, but did not get a bite to eat. He lost ten pounds. He was the only other party (translating) to one of their private conferences.

Summer came and Mama rented a house for us at Ocean Drive. Minnie Douglas, the church maid and my friend, offered to go with us and cook. Maude came and also Tommy. And then mid-week Diedra, her girl friend Beverly, and a boy descended upon us. We were quite a crowd. Oh yes, and Flo with Katie and Elizabeth also came. During that week Diedra and Tommy agreed to try marriage again and she returned to Colorado with him.

Year Of Revolt (conclusion)

Little Ann O'Neal was born on August 30, 1965 and I flew up to be with her when they returned from the hospital. The O'Neals were living in an old farm house on the edge of Franklin where John was teaching. Ann was a precious baby and Katie and I thought she was a live doll.

During his first year of teaching John had a bad experience. He walked into the office to hear a student using foul language with the school secretary, and when John spoke to him about it the boy turned on him. John took him into the hall and gave him a good punch. The boy's family defensively made a case of it in which John was exonerated but was not asked back for the next year. That ended John's teaching career. However a friend from DePauw was working for RCE in Indianapolis and helped get John a job as a publicity writer since he was an English major and he wrote very well. In fact so well he was asked to join the New York office, but John did not want to rear his family in the Big Apple city so he took a job with a paper company as a salesman.

Monterey - 1966

Tom was beginning to feel that his best work was done for Concord Presbytery. A merger with Kings Mountain Presbytery was being considered, and one thing and another made him feel that the Lord was again nudging him to move on. Four years remained before his retirement and he wanted to spend them serving a small church field where his heart had been all along. He made some inquiries about a long term vacant field but since we had the twins to educate it was going to be necessary for me also to work.

It did not take long to find the Monterey, Virginia charge, near McDowell, Virginia, where Tom was born. The field had been vacant for two years after a thirty-five year pastorate faithfully discharged by Mr. _____ Johnson. Lexington Presbytery was quick to let us know we were wanted and needed. Methodists and Presbyterians in Bath and Highland counties had formed a joint plan for Christian Education and Homie Clark, a Methodist Deacon would work in Bath and I in Highland, under the Bath-Highland Council.

Tom resigned at the Spring Meeting of Concord Presbytery and everybody was shocked. He was doing such a great job and was very much loved, and they thought he was crazy to leave and take a charge for less than half the salary. It did seem sort of nonsensical, but we felt that it was what the Lord was leading us to do.

Every one should experience leaving when nobody wants you to. Such an outpouring of attention we had never had. The presbytery gave Tom a big roasting. One of the things folks liked about him was his great good humor, and they loved to tease him. But it was no "tease" when they presented him with a new 66 Mercury deluxe. It was our first car with air-conditioning. But it was too rich for

our blood or the mountain curves where we were headed, so Curt took it out and put a dent in it the first day. He was not accustomed to power steering. But it was a lovely gesture and we were most grateful for the car. I traded my old one for a younger Ford Comet which I enjoyed tremendously.

My church gave a 'This is your life' party and brought in friends and family from near and far, and they then presented me with a check for \$1500 so I could buy furniture from companies owned by church members, at cost, and for the first time since we had left Korea we were able to have nice furniture which was our own. We bought a couch, three lounge chairs, and a few other small pieces.

There were numerous farewell parties. The senior highs took us on a boat dinner party on the lake and gave me a silver tray.

With all this we finally got Mr. Bower's van packed and headed north. It was three a.m. when we pulled into the General Wayne Hotel in Waynesboro and after a short night we headed on over the mountains to Monterey. When we arrived we found a beautiful rug for the living-room floor the folks there had delivered, plus curtains.

It was probably a mistake to leave before the twins' senior year in high school, but we had discussed it with them and they wanted us to accept the calls. During her sophomore year Marable had mononucleosis during her final exams and she did so poorly she was placed in the lower level for her junior year. By mid-term she was very unhappy and learning nothing so, with some string-pulling, I was able to get her into the Preparatory Department of Peace College, my old school in Raleigh. She was set to complete her work there but after we moved to Monterey she was homesick and came back to be with us. Spending her senior year in the small Highland High School with its very closed society and distrust of outsiders was not easy. The problems were compounded since the boys were delighted with a new, pretty girl in school, but this made all the girls jealous. However, one family - the Stephensons, Steve and Somers and Charlotte - made her feel at home in their midst and she had a fairly good year. It was good to have her home with us.

Curt was at Camp Tsali (a fine boy's camp in the North Carolina mountains) and he could not be reached by phone when we discovered the science he needed for graduation was not to be offered at Highland High School. So without any consultation with him we enrolled him in Fishbourn Military Academy in Waynesboro, Virginia. He was not pleased about this and did not 'take to' the military discipline, but he studied and made good grades enabling his acceptance to college.

Monterey is like a town in the Swiss Alps - remote, quaint, and in every way charming. In time we came to know everybody and his or her dog and cat. Tom's four churches were in different valleys of this very mountainous country. Quite an extensive charge after the concentrated presbytery office detail.

The people were most gracious. They had been without a resident minister for two years so they were ready to open their hearts to us.

The old white frame gingerbread-trim manse was an experience in itself. There were two sets of bay windows, a living-room, a study (which became Mama's room), a dining-room with fire place, a large kitchen, and a small half bath on the first floor. Also a large back porch and nice front porch. Upstairs were four large bedrooms, one bath, and a small room we used for watching television. When we were first shown the manse it had a wood cook stove. I did not comment. But when we returned to move in they had completely remodeled the kitchen into a warm, comfortable and convenient place.

Before we came the Chairman of the Manse Renovation Committee wrote to say we could look at the wall paper samples they had chosen and if I wished to change any I could let them know. The living room paper was cabbage roses - to go with my Oriental pale green and blue furniture! I hesitantly asked them to do it in white, which they did. After our arrival while everyone was helping us unpack, a stately man with a cane came up the front steps. He came inside saying, "I want to meet that woman who didn't like my choice of wallpaper for the living room." Timidly I introduced myself to Mr. Boyd and tried to explain my reasons, showing him our new rug and furniture. He melted and became a close friend to all of us. He particularly liked Mama since he was a painter, and they enjoyed painting wild flowers together. Eventually he had to move to Parkersburg where, after a long illness, he died. We made many trips there to see him and Tom conducted his funeral.

Working with the fine young people of the county was one of my most rewarding experiences. They had never had a youth group. We organized four, one in each part of the county, and we met together once a month. We camped, explored caves, went to the Eastern Shore to hold Bible School for migrants (and lived in a church while there) and kept their day nursery. We entertained children from the inner city area of Washington, most of whom were Black. We

had local Bible Schools, and lots and lots of other things. It has been such a joy to see these friends become young adults with families of their own, working as leaders in the churches. They remind me often of those earlier happy experiences.

Presbyterial was meeting in Charlottesville on April 20, 1967 when I was paged for a phone call and the message - little Anne O'Neal had died suddenly of what is now known as 'crib death'. John had left for work and Flo went to the crib to pick up Anne and give her her breakfast. She found the baby was not breathing. Not able to reach John, she had to go alone in the ambulance to the hospital to confirm what she already knew. She had just taken Anne to the doctor the same week for her check-up and she was pronounced in perfect health. All our family was devastated. Tom and I left the meeting, picked up Curt at Fishbourn, and left for Indiana the same afternoon. Sarah Stephenson offered to stay with Mama. This was a low point for us all, especially for Flo and John and Katie. A Unitarian minister held a graveside service in Cloverdale where the O'Neals had a plot. It was the first time I had ever seen Tom break down and sob.

In May of 1966 both Curt and Marable graduated from high school. Curt came down with a severe case of mononucleosis the week of his final exams. He was really very ill but he managed to take his exams though he missed the prom and his graduation exercises. Tom went up to receive his diploma and swimming medal plus another award while he (Curt) and I sat in the balcony together.

Graduation Day was on a Monday, June 5. Marable had got enough out of her mixture of high schools to qualify for college, and she chose Shenandoah College in Winchester, Va. Curt was given a good scholarship to St. Andrews Presbyterian College in Laurenburg, North Carolina.

One of the nice features of living in a beautiful spot in the mountains is having people come to see you. My little date book for the summers in Monterey is a

combination of Vacation Bible School, craft fairs, and guests. Once we had Pobai and Bill, Tommy, Maude, and Paul and Sophie all at one time - don't ask me how. For three summers Katie was with us for a month.

In 1967 Tommy and Diedre made a final break and he drove her in a U-Haul to Harvard where she had a fellowship to teach. They spent a night with us enroute. It had been a long and difficult experience out of which we learned that Diedre was a trans-sexual who had surgery to become a man named Michael. Michael later married and has a child. She/he was and is very gifted and sent us a copy of a book of poems, and we still receive her/his Harvard College magazine.

In the middle of October Curt bummed home, burnt out on college. He applied for the Navy but was turned down because of his poor eyesight, so he returned to St. Andrews. College was rough. He wanted to be a part of the party circuit but he couldn't do that and keep up with academic demands.

The lasting contribution that I seem to have made in Highland County was the craft program. Through our state legislator, Pete Geison, I managed to get a grant which enabled us to have skilled craftsmen from the Virginia Museum and elsewhere come during the summer to offer classes in pottery, weaving, art, woodworking, and other skills.. The purpose was to enable the adult community to learn marketable skills, as well as enjoyable. Highland County Crafts, Inc. was established with a Board of Directors, and the presbytery gave us a \$5,000 grant to buy a building on Main Street to house the crafts. The building cost \$10,000 but members made up the difference. Now, in 1988, with the building paid for the operation continues with 200 consigners, and draws both local buyers and tourists.

Another thing that Tom and I both enjoyed was participation in the Appalachian Council of Workers in the mountains. It met usually in November and it usually

snowed, but it was good to learn from others of the special needs and opportunities of the isolated mountain people and how to help them.

The Youth Center was another successful endeavor for several years. We acquired an old house with no rent and the kids really enjoyed fixing it up and managing it. The Center met a real need.

By Christmas '67 Curt had had enough of college and decided to look for a job in Staunton, Virginia. With our help he bought a very good second-hand car, rented a room, and began selling fancy vacuum cleaners. I don't remember that he sold a one, but it was good experience toward his next job on the front desk at the Homestead Hotel in Hot Springs. He met or saw numbers of important people such as President Johnson and Emily Post, etc. He had the use of a nice house and we thought he had it made. But the Highland County boys kidded him and said it was sissy to do what he was doing, so he quit and took a job in a tannery in Dierban, W. Virginia. He sold his good car for a loss and bought a worn-out Jeep which was a lemon. The tannery work was probably the hardest job he ever had but he made his point. He proved he was tough and not a sissy.

Marable and her roommate Jean came to see us often and we enjoyed having the young people in and out. Jean decided to transfer to Maryville College in Tennessee, so Marable went along.

Monterey being the small community that it was and is (about 250 men, women, children and a few dogs), and Highland County being isolated and small, the whole county participated in whatever was going on, and the biggest event was the Maple Sugar Festival in late March when the sugar rises in the Maples. Making the syrups is quite a process and requires hours and hours of work to produce one quart. But, O, how very delicious! Dr. Billingsley first sparked the idea of a festival and over the years it has grown in popularity, luring tourists all the way from Washington.

Church groups, Home Demonstration, and civic groups all vie to produce some marketable item to catch the eye (and the pocketbook). Meals of sausage and pancakes with maple syrup are served at the schools, and Mill Gap specializes in maple-dipped doughnuts. Homemade bread is a speciality of one club, and the youth stay up all night to make apple butter. Highland County Crafts make and sell all they can, and artisans from all over are invited. A blacksmith does his thing, and weavers and potters and others. There is a Maple Queen and a parade and square-dancing at night. All in all it is a fine time to visit Highland County, and also enjoy a mountain trout dinner which is very popular.

In summer there are tourists aplenty at the old hotel, enjoying the cool air. Fall brings on the big County Fair which is the best of its kind I have ever seen. And the week-end when roads are lined with cars coming to view the spectacular colors of fall leaves. Around Thanksgiving Hunting Season offers deer, bear, and wild turkey. During the winter all is quiet and we always enjoyed being shut in with heavy snows until suddenly it was trout season again in early spring.

A memorable undertaking of the Craft Program was the loom project. We had an artist-in-residence who came to teach weaving over a ten-day period. I knew Miss Florence Clemmon who was Occupational Director of Western State Mental Hospital. She had helped teach us needle work, and she told me there was a roomful of looms at the hospital which were not in use. With her help and some negotiating, I had permission to use them. I went over with a couple of men and a truck. We found that all the looms were disassembled with parts lying all over the room. It was necessary for me to put them together, all of them, to see if all the parts were there, and then I had to take them apart again to load on the truck. In Monterey we had to haul them up the stairs to the second floor of the rented house we were using for the Craft Program, and then

re-assemble them. Wow! What a job. Mr. and Mrs. Hamer from Kingsport, Tennessee were teaching woodworking and pottery, and they came to our rescue. Phil Hamer, bless his heart, fixed the looms from two pedals to four and six to make a very fine weaving pattern.

During our years in Monterey we more or less adopted Phyllis Puffenbarger. She grew up like Topsy, or Little Orphan Annie - working for her board and room by keeping house and looking after children. She was a high school sophomore when we came to Monterey. She had never had anything but hand-me-down clothes, and I made her first brand new dress for Easter. Our relationship began with that. She would help me clean house on Saturdays and I sewed and cared for her in other ways. We came to love her dearly. In spite of all the hard work she had to do she managed to excel in school. She was a cheer leader and she sang in our Monterey Church choir. She led a full, out-going life and I tried, though unsuccessfully, to get her a scholarship to college. Undaunted, she moved to Staunton, found a job, and put herself through Business School. Often she came back to Monterey on week-ends and stayed with us, since she was dating a local boy. After she completed Business School she rented an apartment in Staunton with another Highland County girl and worked for Westinghouse.

Another of our fine young people, Carolyn, married a Highland boy, Larry Mauzy. Neither of them had finished high school, but a baby - son Todd - arrived soon, and when he was less than two years old Carolyn developed Leukemia and died within the year. We had retired and had left Monterey but Tom came back to hold her very sad funeral.

Larry had found a job with Westinghouse in Staunton and he and Phyllis (both from Highland) fell in love. This rebound was too soon for Carolyn's grieving family and they tried to keep Larry from having custody of Todd who was with them. Tom made a special trip to Highland to talk with

Carolyn's family and try to smooth things over, and it helped some.

When Larry and Phyllis were married in the Methodist Church in Verona, Tom and I were her family. I made her wedding dress, bought the cake, and held the reception at the church. Tom gave her away and helped in the ceremony. Larry and Phyllis still live in Verona. They have two darling girls, Penny and Cassy, and Todd has finished high school and is in the army. All three children call us 'grandma' and 'grandpa' and we feel they belong to us.

In December of '68 we went to Flo and John's for Christmas which was the pattern for a number of years. But before December, during our August vacation we took Marable to look over Maryville College. We liked the school and so did she, so we enrolled her as a rising sophomore.

On September 7, 1968, Tommy married Kay _____, a summer acquaintance. We thought long and hard about trying to get to the wedding and decided against it. They were wed in the Snow-Shoe Methodist Church in Breckenridge, Colorado. They sent pictures and appeared to be very happy. In October they came to see us and we liked Kay very much. An 'Army brat', she has lived everywhere, and has had two years of college. She was not close to her own family and seemed to 'take to us', and they appeared to be very much in love for which we were most grateful.

Marable flew home for Christmas and Curt was also home, so there were lots of college-age kids in and out, which made it a merry time.

In the fall of '69 Marable returned to Maryville and Curt to St. Andrews, and that September we went to Davidson College to see Paul presented an Honorary LID at Homecoming. From there we drove to Tennessee to visit Marable at Maryville for Parents' Week-end. It was there that the sad news reached us of Paul E. Crane's fatal auto accident in Georgia, in which he and his high school-age son, David, were killed. Tom and I drove to Winder, Georgia for the funeral at the church he had pastored.

Mama seemed to enjoy her life with us in Monterey. She was a favorite in the community. But one day she received a letter from High Point Home telling her she had been accepted as a resident. She was in tears. She had secretly applied before we left Statesville, but now things were different. We told her to tear up the letter and forget it, but she felt duty-bound to at least go and look at the place. So we took her and she decided to try it. Paul came and moved her. She stayed less than two weeks before calling us to come and get her, which we gladly did.

Marable called us on Thanksgiving Day. She had met and fallen in love with Ron Jamison and they wanted to get married in January. Somehow we are never prepared for these family experiences. We had hardly heard of Ron, but we tried to meet their joy with understanding and began to make plans for a post-Christmas wedding. I made her a dress of white velvet trimmed with white lace.

I came home from work on December 1 to find that Mama had had a hard fall and knocked out her front teeth. That was the beginning of what turned out to be Parkinson's Disease. Her hand began to shake and one day I found her crying over her 'cutting table'. (This was an improvised card table where she sketched her wild flowers). She was not able to do the work because of the shaking, and that marked the beginning of the end for her because she had to give up her painting.

Curt went with us along with Mama and Somers Stephenson for Marable's January 11 (1970) wedding in the lovely Maryville College chapel. Paul and Sophie came. And Ron's parents, Ozzie and Vic Jameson, with their other son. Both of Ron's grandmothers were also there. We had a fine evening at the Holiday Inn's private dining room reserved for the rehearsal dinner. I had taken all the 'doings' for a reception following the five o'clock wedding. About the time the wedding ceremony started the snow started and by the time the reception was over the ground was covered with

a sheet of ice and snow. Paul and Sophie took Mama back to Atlanta with them for a visit. Even with chains they had a 'hairy' trip. We skidded up the first hill and turned to go back to Maryville. Later both Ron and Marable dropped out of school though Ron was a senior. They joined the Jamisons in Princeton, New Jersey and found an apartment and jobs - Marable was a receptionist at Princeton Seminary and Ron worked in a frame shop.

Laura O'Neal was born on March 20, 1970 - a beautiful, blue-eyed blonde baby. (Flo is so considerate to have her daughters on the 20th of a month so I can remember). They were then living in Franklin and I went up to help out and to enjoy the new baby. Soon after this they moved to Brown County where they bought an unfinished house on a small lake.

On my way home I stopped by Princeton to see the newlyweds. We all thought they were happy and well-situated, but by spring they had decided to drive to California with another couple to try their luck out there. Driving a small VW they stopped by to see us enroute. Both Ron and the other fellow were both over six feet - can you imagine that long trip to California?

The same spring Curt decided to throw in the towel and quit college. He sold what possessions he had and bought a plane ticket to visit Flo, and from there he bummed around west and all the way back where he lived with a friend in Black Mountain for a while. They both played fiddle and guitar.

In April we had a call from Spring Hill, Louisiana. Pobai was very ill and in a psychiatric hospital. Paul and I met and drove down. Pobai and Bill had been to a Therapy workshop at Uncle Bill's (Crane) Center which was into deep probing of the psyche. This was not what Pobai needed, and Bill himself had become quite upset out of the counseling treatment. The only solution I could think of was for them to come live with us a while until they improved.

Curt was home for a visit in May and John and Flo and the girls were down in June. John enjoyed fishing for mountain trout and we had a good time. Curt decided he would go to Statesville, find a job, and take some courses at Mitchell College; and Pat and Mac McJunkin helped him relocate and that worked out well.

That same summer Maude, who was not well, was facing the prospect of selling her home in Washington and moving to the Methodist Home in Richmond. We were up several times through the decision and we took her to Richmond to look at the Home, bringing her on home with us for a two week's visit. Our house was somewhat like Grand Central Station. I wouldn't have believed they could all be there at one time but we have a picture to prove it: Maude, Mama, Pobai and Bill, Flo and John, Katie and Laura, Curt, and then Maury and Ron for a night. O yes, and Maude's little dog, Ming. And in-between and around it all I was running Bible Schools, youth doin's, and was chief cook.

Tom and I had decided to give up our work at summer's end and, after a couple of quick visits, we put the down payment on a lovely little brick home at 312 Colony Road in Statesville. The first home of our very own and the only one I have really loved.

I gave a week of my vacation emptying Maude's Washington home (address 4112 38th St., N.W.). There was an accumulation of several decades. It was the hottest week of the summer and Maude was in bed with an infected hand (Ming had bit her). A Black woman and I moved every item into her room for her to decide whether it would go to Richmond, the Salvation Army, a friend, or us. She changed her mind frequently. It was maddening. On the day of the move, she came. Our movers arrived before her mover (taking my things to the Home). In the midst of it all a baby robin fell from its nest in a bush beside her window where she had been watching, and two sets of movers had to stop and restore the little thing before they could proceed. We

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completed her move to Richmond and then brought her home to recuperate for a month.

With nothing else going on that summer, Curt and Rick Steele, son of our good friends in Statesville, decided they would discover the west in the comfort and convenience of my cherished little Comet. This they did, and they drove the Comet to a breakdown. But eventually all three arrived back in Monterey in fairly good condition.

Early in September we had a call from Maury. "We've had it," she said. "We are flat broke so please send us \$600 to buy a car so we can drive home." We sent them the price of two one way tickets on a bus, and they were with us for a while. Their plan was to meet some other musical friends in Richmond and form a band, and would I let them have my Comet to get around in? Sure.

Also in September Bill Hefelfinger was called to three churches: Poplar Hill, Ben Salem, and McCutcheon. They moved into a nice manse with a wonderful view of the Blue Ridge mountains in a subdivision some three miles out of Lexington, Virginia. Mama went with them until we could get moved and settled in Statesville when she would come back to be with us.

Before we left Monterey, Ron's parents, Ozzie and Vic,

were with us for a week-end. Kay and Tommy drove out to see us the first week in October with their big dog, Dioganese.

The good folk of Highland County were shocked and some were even down-right angry that we were leaving. "Just when everything was going so good," they said. There was an outpouring of affection in the form of church dinners, speeches, notes, invitations for almost every meal. The youth put on a big party, as did the Bath Highland Council. Pisgah gave us a beautiful silver tray and there were other lovely gifts. Lexington presbytery had an Order of the Day to say good things about my work, and people from all four churches plus some Methodists were there at Augusta Stone Church.

We decided to have a sale of all the stuff we did not want to move. Since we were given many of Maude's lovely things and were going to a small home, we had a good deal of furniture from which to part. Benny Terry, a church member and local auctioneer, took charge, and Rich Sullenbarger, our good neighbor, was treasurer. The church ladies served lunch and it was a very nice afternoon in our back yard. We made enough money to pay for our move to Statesville. Our Black friends, the Byers, had moved us to Monterey and they came and spent two nights with us to pack. Why do we accumulate so much? Of course Mama's things were now included.

On October 28 Maury and Ron moved to Richmond and the next day we set out for Statesville. At that end our neighbors, the Buddingtons, had dinner ready for us and many good friends were on hand to help unload. It felt like we had come home and we hoped never again to move.

Statesville - Second Time Around

The feeling of actually owning a home of our own was more meaningful to us than I had ever imagined. We planted a weeping cherry tree and azalia bushes given to us by a preacher friend. We started a rose garden and a small vegetable garden in the spring. I made curtains and with all of this we generally put down roots. Our little outside breezeway spot was a joy on pretty days, and our bird feeder we could watch from either the breezeway or the kitchen table was a constant source of pleasure.

We, or I, rejoined my old First Presbyterian Church and found the children and youth of four years earlier now warm and loving college age kids.

I had hardly hit town before a committee from several different churches visited me to ask if I would head up the newly organized Yokefellow Group, part of Statesville's network of community services. Like a nut, I said yes. T'was a challenge. We had a small office and a Board of Directors. The office was run by volunteers. We also had a food-bank, a clothes closet, a hot-line, a place for transients, and I started a teen-center. Various other helping arms developed: a hospital ministry, a repair crew, a day care center, etc. It was exciting to see people of all ages, races, and walks of life, not to mention church affiliations, work together to help those temporarily or permanently less fortunate and with special needs. I was president for a four-year term, and after we found a full time director (a Friend minister), I went on the Board of Directors.

Curt, nearby, was taking classes at Mitchell and working at a furniture store. He popped in often which was an added plus.

Marable and Ron were having a hard time in Richmond. The band was not working out in spite of our helping them get a van*to transport the instruments, using my little Comet in the trade. Marable was the only one with a paying job

while Ron and two or three boys sat around all day working on their music. She would come home to find the house filthy, no dishes washed or bed made. They failed to pay the water bill and it was cut off for a time. This finally got the best of Maury and she called for us to come get her, so Tom went up and drove the van home during a snow and ice storm, which was a frightening experience.

In Statesville Marable took training in respiratory therapy, a new field at the time. She got a job and found a small house to rent with a girl friend. Ron begged her to come back, and so in May Curt took her back to Richmond.

Tom decided to fix up the van to sell and get his money out of it. Curt made all manner of fun of his dad as he worked, daily painting and fixing it up. We had to replace the motor, but in the end it began to look good to Curt, and he decided to get a loan and buy it for a pilgrimage out west to see what he could see. I made curtains for it and he had a cute little puppy for company. The night before he left he and a friend gave a concert at Mitchell College to say goodbye, and were glad to accept a small farewell gift of the price of a ticket. So, with much fan fare he took off.

* Van story follows

Wheels For Young Dreamers

There it sat on a bleak November afternoon. The dirty white van, rakishly parked in the crowded used car lot was the most undesirable piece of merchandise I ever saw. How could I have just signed a check drawn from our hard-earned retirement savings, for such a thing? To make matters worse, my faithful little Comet that had taken me up and down mountain roads without so much as a flat tire, was the pawn in the bargain. A month before, the word 'van' was not a part of my vocabulary, but with this purchase began an association that would make it a matter of primary concern.

We bought the van for our daughter and her musician husband. This ungainly vehicle was essential, in their opinion, for the transportation of musical instruments and sound equipment for their newly formed 'group'. Soon they would become 'known' and in demand. They anticipated no difficulty in reimbursing us for the cost, all part of their rise to fame and fortune. To help launch such a dream, this small investment was a simple statement of our faith in them. Faith we had, even if we were a little short of common sense.

"A very good van," said the mechanic who checked it over lightly. "Just a small adjustment here and there and it will be good as new." Thus, we parted with our young dreamers and their van, thinking how fortunate we were to be a part of this budding success story.

The van, it seemed, was not in full sympathy with these happy dreams. From the beginning it resisted in little mechanical ways. Each trip back for repairs brought assurances from the garage that it would certainly be in condition for a trip to see us at Christmas.

Christmas Eve came. My turkey was in the oven when a frantic long distance call from our daughter broke the news.

The small voice on the wire sobbed, "We can't come home. The van won't run. It has to have a new motor!" The thing had ruined our Christmas!

The van had been purchased in Virginia, my husband's native state, and the firm was an old, reliable one, so he thought. To realize he had been sold a 'lemon' reflected not only on his judgment but on his state as well. After a sharp exchange with the boss by phone, we were soon on our way back to Richmond. It was still cold and very drear when we reentered the firm's office late Christmas Eve. They were ready for us. The company knew how to deal with dissatisfied customers. Yes indeed! "Certainly we will replace the motor," they said. "No problem, no problem at all."

Dreams are fragile things and in their shattering there is always heartbreak. Somehow, in an impersonal city, the van was not adequate to meet all the problems that confronted a young couple who have little to commend them but talent and hope. Their agent was never able to find the right spot for the group to play. "This sound of yours is great, you understand, it just hasn't caught on here. A bit too far out, but terrific." Jobs were hard to find. Housing was a problem. In the process of moving from one house with a broken furnace to another on the edge of town, \$700 worth of musical equipment vanished. Did they have insurance? What a question!

Then there was the small accident. Nobody hurt, just five o'clock traffic. Since the van had only liability insurance I, as owner, had the privilege of paying for the damage. The fractured fragments of the dream included broken people, a marriage separation, and a useless van.

My husband rode the bus to Richmond to drive the van home. An unforecast ice storm caught him midway coming back. After several near disasters and a long night on the road, he finally drove into our carport. The van had become to me a monster that had almost cost my husband's life.

What could we do with a van? Suddenly this most desirable of vehicles had no market value. Our son made all manner of fun of it and of us for letting ourselves be drawn into this situation. It only took a little of such prodding to bring out my husband's stubborn streak. Repair and paint it he would, and then surely someone would want to buy it for at least a part of our investment.

The raw, windy days of early spring found him hard at work. He sanded, worked on dents, went over the motor and its other vital organs, put in a new rear end and shocks. He painted and refinished. Whenever I wanted a little help around the house, there was always the van competing with me. In addition to being a constant reminder of broken dreams and squandered savings, the van was becoming a rival for my husband's time and attention. It was controlling our lives!

Finally the day came when even he was satisfied that the van was in the best condition possible, considering its age and past experience, so we began to advertise. For days we could not go anywhere for fear or hope that the phone would ring with a prospect. Two people came to look -- and then there were none. Talk about a white elephant. We had one!

More adventure was in store for the van, however. This began with an idea in our son's fertile brain. Having been something of a hobo off and on between bouts with formal education, he began to dream of undiscovered treasure in the vast expanse of the West. How better to explore than by van? It was the turtle principle. You could carry your home with you. So with a little negotiating at the bank he paid half the cost of the van. When he found his treasure, he would pay the rest. A sense of ownership made his spirits rise. First, he built a storage bin. Then he ordered a mattress to fit the top of the bin for a bed. "Mother, you surely want to be involved in this venture," he said. "How about some nicely lined curtains against the

sun's rays?" A few choice pictures here and there, an easy chair, cooking equipment, a guitar, banjo, fiddle and dulcimer - these all found a place in the van, giving the same cluttered appeal of his room at home. On a bright spring day, with his small dog for company, our son and the van set out for the West.

The final chapter in the life of the van is not a happy one. After some traveling around, our son discovered that jobs were as hard to find and as boring 'out West' as they were back East. He settled down near his older brother in the rare mountain air of the Colorado Rockies. The van tried to adjust to the various climes and roads it traveled as best it could, but one icy night it failed to make a turn and, leaving the mountain road abruptly, it took a couple of flips and settled in its final resting place against a giant Aspen. Our son does not remember what happened, but he awoke at his brother's safe and sound. We like to think a watchful Providence protected him. Maybe the van, too, had a part with its strong structure. For seventy-five dollars a junk dealer was willing to haul the wreck away.

By this time we had come to accept the van as a member of the family. The news of its fate gave us a sense of loss which had little relation to the money involved. Somehow, it had been the means of transporting our youngsters from the dream world to the real world, shaking them -- and us -- enough to hurt some and learn a lot. Now, in our highway travels, I am acutely aware of the ever-presence of vans. When we pass one I breathe a gentle sigh and offer a silent prayer.

In July of '71 Mama paid for us to rent a house at Sunset Beach. Flo and John and their girls, Marable and Ron, Ozzie and Vic (Ron's parents), and I believe John's mother, Elizabeth, plus Mama and us were there. It was a house-full, but everybody helped and it was lots of fun.

Tom was in demand to fill interims during our time in Statesville. He was good at healing divisions in churches and enjoyed the experience. Locust, Unity at Denver, Fifth Creek, Bethesda were some of these. Each place we made friends from whom we still hear at Christmas time.

By late September of '71 Curt had had his western experience and bummed home. We took him to Banner Elk where he got a job in Cannon Memorial Hospital as an assistant in Respiratory Therapy. Once a couple Curt had met out west showed up in a van with two cats. They stayed with us a while and then set up a tent in our yard. Finally they left, but it was an interesting experience.

The big news for us that Fall was the birth of our first grandson, Jason Crane Southall. All seemed to be well with them and pictures were sent to prove it. Jason's natal day was October 15.

On January 14, 1972, Maude died. Tom and I had both been up to Richmond to see her many times but were sorry not to be with her at the end. I went after her second stroke on January 2, and she knew me but was too weak to talk. We held her service at the funeral home in Charlottesville, and she was buried in the Southall family plot in the old cemetery on Park Street. We were her heirs and after due process, her estate was enough for us to pay for our house in full and buy a newer Chevrolet car, and even invest a little. She left me a beautiful diamond pin with seven perfectly matched diamonds which had belonged to her mother. I prize it and wear it often.

Marable and Ron moved to Statesville in the summer, renting a house on Way Drive. Maury went back to work at Iredell (hospital?). They became interested in the Charismatic Movement.

In the fall of '72 Flo was expecting a baby for which we were waiting, and we had also planned a trip west to meet Jason and visit with Tommy and Kay. As happens in our family, both events came together. We were at Paul's and Sophie's enroute to Colorado when the phone rang to tell us that Charlotte O'Neal had arrived. We decided to continue our trip out west and visit the O'Neals on the way back. Charlotte's birthday was September 19.

Upon reaching Climax, Colorado we learned that Kay and Tommy were separated. She was living with another man, and we stayed with her so we could see darling Jason who was a happy, alert and adorable baby. We tried to do a little mending and healing but although Tommy was apparently unprepared for Kay's desertion and wanted her to come back, she was not willing. He gave her a car and paid for her to go to Denver and take a secretarial course while he took care of Jason. He was able to place Jason with a fine family, the Mains, who took care of him by day. This arrangement lasted four years, until Kay came back from Grand Junction and took Jason. On advice of an attorney Tommy did not contest custody in order to keep a good relationship with Kay, offering a better chance for both visits to see him and times to take him home for a couple of days.

Our visit with the O'Neals was a happy one. Laura was a darling two year old and Charlotte a beautiful baby with very blue eyes and black hair. Katie was growing up fast.

Curt tired of the hospital job and tried many things - construction, stone mason, roofing, and finally took a job with a wicker company who boss was a friend, Drew, and they shared a house together in Valley Crisis. Before that he had rented an old house on Curtis Creek near Heaton, N.C. He met and fell in love with an attractive girl whose parents had a summer home in Banner Elk. Nicky was in college at Salem in Winston Salem. They were back and forth

to see us and we went up and met her parents. They were with us with Ron and Maury for the twins' birthday in 1972.

Mama's Parkinson's Disease was progressing. She was weaker and had to go from a walker to a wheel chair. We were

able to find a good nurse to stay with her during the day, and I took the night shift. She was always sweet and uncomplaining, but it broke my heart to see her slowly going down without being able to help her. She was hospitalized several times with pneumonia and other ailments. When she first had come to Statesville she had major surgery for an ulcerated stomach. The nerve that releases the acid was cut and she was better thereafter. We took her to Knoxville to spend a 'spell' with Effie and Bill Rule, where Paul and Sophie would meet us and take her on over to Nashville with them for a month's visit, with a nurse.

In the summer of '72 Mama insisted that we go again to the beach for a week at her expense, so we took her and Margaret, her nurse, plus wheel chair, and all had another good week at Sunset: the o'Neals, Hefelfingers, Maury and Ron, and we made the group. Katie was with us for a month following the week at the beach. This had become an important part of our summer giving us a chance to know her during her 'growing up' years.

Maury and Ron were active in the "Cup of Water" group, a house for emotionally upset teenagers and young adults, under the direction of Lynn Hay, minister and part of Yokefellows. Ron decided he wanted to finish college, so Maury took a job at Mercy Hospital in Charlottesville and they rented a nice upstairs apartment near the hospital.

Paul and Sophie came over in the summer and insisted that we bring Mama to Nashville and take off for a month somewhere. They could see how weary I was with the strain of nursing. This did not materialize during the summer but we did just that during November, and we planned our itinerary around seeing our friends and relatives. Some we

honored with our visits in their homes, others we entertained for a meal or some such if we were staying in a motel. Our journeying took us to: Nashville and the Crane tribe, including Virginia and Robert at 'The Farm' (a counter-culture commune); Dawson, Georgia to see Annie Mae Newland who husband, Reid, had recently died; Mobile, Alabama for a fun time with Betty and Dave Edington; Pascagoula and Gulfport, Mississippi to see the Schneiders and Alexanders and to check on Dad's grave; on to Jackson, Mississippi to have a nice visit with Jaja (our last); Greenwood, Mississippi to visit Aunt Lytte and Big David Hedleston (they were both frail and died not long after); Oxford, Mississippi where we had a happy visit with Mary Neill DeShazo Duvall who seemed just the same; Sunset Hill and the College Hill Church where the Hdeleston Grands are buried; Batesville, Arkansas where we visited Mama's special friends, the Brooks; Clarkesville, Texas where Tom's Marable first cousins gave us a royal welcome - Ruth and Susie and Carrie Marable, Paul and Maude, Ben and Hallie, and 'Brother' and his wife, and it was good to be in touch with this branch of the family; Houston, Texas where we were with Mary Neil's daughter and Mary's husband, Ison; Galveston, Texas; and on the way back Avery Island and New Orleans where we arrived in time for First Church's big one-hundredth anniversary. We saw all our friends of long ago. We stayed with the Dieths and the Edingtons and DeCamps were also there. They gave us a party. Our last stop was in Birmingham, Alabama with Catherine Bell Brummett and her nice doctor husband. During breakfast while with the Brummetts the phone rang for us. It was Paul telling us that Mama had died that morning. We were to have picked her up that very day to take her home with us, but the Lord beat us to it and took her truly Home.

We drove on to Nashville where we spent the night with Paul and Sophie and then headed back to Gulfport - all of us: Paul and Sophie, our children, and Pobai and Bill where a lovely worship service was held in the Gulfport

Church which Mama had helped plan. She was buried beside Dad in the cemetery in Biloxi, right on the Gulf. Friends had a dinner for the family and were most kind. She was remembered with love there as well as everywhere she had lived. I was Mama's executor and had a little business to attend to, but she had most things in order and Pete, a very good lawyer, was a big help to me. Part of her Estate were her seven-hundred paintings which Paul and Pobai and I divided by making three piles on the bed. Her investments were also divided three ways, giving each of us about nine-thousand dollars. I invested mine for a nest-egg.

In many ways 1974 was a year of sorrow. It took a while for me to grieve over Mama's absence. Friends were loving and kind, though, and my day book reads of trips to the lake with the Buddingtons, dinners with the McJunkins and Moffetts and many other caring demonstrations -- but it just takes time.

Bob Perry bought a beach house at Ocean Isle and offered it to us for a week in June. The O'Neals came down, and also Marable who had just come to the end of her marriage with Ron. His Richmond buddies wanted to move to Charlotte, North Carolina and regroup, sharing a house. Maury had been through all that and wanted out. It was a very hard summer for her. She stayed with us a while and then rented a house out from Banner Elk and worked in the hospital there. She was offered a better job in Johnson City so she moved again, this time to a tiny upstairs apartment in Elizabethton, Tennessee. As usual, she stayed on with us after our week at the beach.

In August we had a nice week with Paul and Sophie in Nashville. Phil and Larry and Todd came to see us as they had every year.

In the fall Mac McJunkin and Kirky Kirkman decided to buy Kirky's aunt's framing business and set me up as partner in a cute little house on Salisbury Avenue. Jane, the well-trained me and we worked like turks. It was hard but

good for me and gave me a new interest. The shop was called "Southall Framing."

Sally and Mac McQueen had retired and bought a home in Statesville. At the time she was Presbyterian President and that was a central location. Mac was not well and was gradually becoming worse, and during all this strain of ill health we became very good friends.

In late October Tom had prostate surgery. The doctor who had taken Bud's place did not do a good job and Tom hemorrhaged after we brought him home and had to have a second round in the hospital.

We had our Christmas early with Curt and Marable, on December 21, and then headed out to be with the O'Neals for their Christmas.

1975 was a relatively uneventful year. I was appointed to the General Assembly's Committee on Women's Concerns which met in Atlanta four times a year. It was a good experience for me, making me more aware of the so-called 'women's issues', and offering me some fine new friends. I served a three-year term but declined a second round.

One of the sad things about getting older is the death of dear friends. Mrs. John Scott, 'Miss Annabelle', was one of those rare persons, a lifetime saint with a delightful sense of humor whom I loved deeply. She died of cancer, remembering me in her will. Mac McQueen also died that year and we shared in Sally's grieving.

In April Marable decided she would like to become a paramedic and work in a small, rural place like Monterey, so she went to Monterey one week-end and talked with Dr. Thaine Billingsley about it. He encouraged her but suggested she work in Virginia if she wanted to practice with him in Monterey. On her return she stopped at King's Daughters Hospital in Staunton and asked for a job in Respiratory Therapy. The head nurse, Janet Locklear (who later became a

good friend of ours) offered her a job on the spot with better pay than she was making at Iredell Memorial Hospital. Another plus was not having to pay rent if she was willing to live with six remaining student nurses. Marable returned home to tell us she had accepted.

On our fortieth wedding anniversary we drove to Staunton to visit Maury. She invited us to go with her and Somers Stephenson to the Warm Springs Inn for dinner, and on the way back she suggested we stop in Monterey for a cup of coffee. Outside of the Maple Restaurant we noticed quite a few cars, but inside when she opened the door to the private dining-room we were overwhelmed to find some seventy-five of our dear friends who greeted us singing "Happy Anniversary to you". There was a beautiful cake and all the trimmings, and I was most touched with the huge beautiful arrangement of wild flowers that Rich Summenberger had gathered from off the mountain.

In June of '76 I had major surgery at the Baptist Hospital in Winston-Salem. Inter-body fusion of the sixth vertebra in my neck was the clinical name. They took a piece of bone from my hip and made a new vertebrae to remove a large spur that was pressing on the nerve running down my arm making it numb. I have a suspicion that the spur was caused by the constant turning of my head doing the mat-cutting at the frame shop, but I never tried to prove it. It took four months to get back to normal, and during that time family and friends were wonderful. Flo came and stayed and the others, except Tommy. Members of my church family brought in lunches for several weeks, but in spite of all the attention, I'de just as soon not go through the experience again.

Flo and John bought a new farm in Brown County, Indiana where they built a comfortable, two-story log cabin type house under some large oak trees and beside a small lake. We were so happy for them. They had worked hard and it was good for them to have a comfortable home. Flo had

commuted to Indiana University for her undergraduate and Master's degrees in Education. She was graduated with honors and we wanted to drive up but she did not even plan to attend the ceremonies.

As soon as I was able, Tom, Maury and I drove to Indiana to see the O'Neals in their new home. This was in October and Maury mentioned that she had met a young farmer in Staunton whom she liked. By November she had brought him down to see us in North Carolina and they announced that they planned to be married on the 21st of December. We were glad to see Maury happy again after some very difficult years but, as usual, we were not ready for such a drastic change.

They were married at the Lock Willow Presbyterian Church in Churchville (where his farm was) by their pastor, Don Williams, and Tom assisted. Curt came to be a groomsman.

I took the punch bowl and other things for the reception which they had told me would be for about sixty people. Two hundred showed up. H.C. had invited all his buddies. And again I was not prepared. Janet Crane came and Phil Mauzy, to support us at the pretty candlelight wedding.

Maury and I had matching travel bags which we both hung in a church closet and wouldn't you know - they got swapped and when the bride and groom arrived at the Peaks of Otter hotel and she opened her bag, she had nothing that fit. What a start!

The fortunate groom was Hubert Charles Wise, better known as 'H.C.', and they lived first in a farmhouse belonging to the Hewitt family (his grandparents and uncles owned much land with large farms in Augusta county). Maury continued to work in Respiratory Therapy at King's Daughter Hospital.

During the cold winter of '77 Tom had two separate falls, each of which gave him a broken knee-cap requiring surgery and casts. This really slowed him down. If it

weren't so bad we could have laughed a bit at me trying to get him plus cast into the back seat of our car to take him to the doctor or wherever.

One of the things that I enjoyed during our Statesville years was the Yokefellows' Human Relations Task Force. It was an interracial group that met in homes for lunch and sought ways to work for better race relations. I learned so much about the feelings and frustrations of these wonderful Black people. We worked to get some Blacks elected to the school Board, etc. We sponsored open meetings for candidates in local elections, and did whatever seemed wise to make for more openness and understanding. Because of this, I was asked to serve on the Mayor's Human Relations Council which was my first and last experience in local politics.

I was always interested and involved in missions and the mission season in our area. Many wonderful missionaries had a meal in our home, making us richer thereby.

Another item I find dotting each of my little year books is 'Prayer Group'. This was (and is) essential to me and everywhere we lived I found a small group of intercessors to join. I was also involved in Church Women United, another interracial group.

While in Statesville I belonged to a writer's group, and also enrolled in a correspondence course for writers. As of now I have one book and a number of short stories in my file drawer after a few unsuccessful attempts at publication. Some of the short stories are included in this journal.

In 1977 Tommy and Jason joined us again with the O'Neals and Wises for a week at Sunset Beach. H.C. and John seemed to hit it off, (talking 'farming'?)

In September I was sent on a cruise by my travel agency (for whom I was working). It was a beautiful trip, but it would have been more fun if I had had a pal to bum around with. The other agents were younger and busy

concentrating on the few available males on board. I bought two six-packs of Jamaican rum for Curt which gave me a handful of baggage on the return to Miami. A man in uniform with a dolly offered to take my suitcase to the bus which connected with the airport. I let him have it and never saw it again. Much later, after we had claimed and received our insurance, a package came in a grocery bag which contained my jewelry case and a few prized pieces - my charm bracelet and gold earrings - with a note which said, "I too am a Christian." (my Bible was among the items) I sent a check for \$20 with a note of thanks and offered a reward for any other items, but the letter was returned unopened. Ah me.

At Christmas we went first to see Curt and then spent another good one with Flo and John.

Some time in the spring of '78 Maury and H.C. came bringing Tom a wonderful desk and a small freezer for us, and they urged us to move near them 'before we got too senile to make the adjustment'. We were somewhat insulted yet flattered at the same time, and the idea began to take root. We decided to put our lovely little home on the market. It sold in a week and the folks wanted occupancy in a month. Again we were unprepared and stunned.

I was to go to my first General Assembly as a representative of the Committee on Women's Concerns. The Assembly was meeting in Nashville, Tennessee. So we made a couple of fruitless trips to Staunton, Virginia looking for a house. Real estate was higher than in Statesville and the market was limited. I told Maury and Tom to find us a house, and went on to Nashville. The house they chose was on one of Staunton's highest hills - 487 Hilltop by name. Staunton is built like Rome on at least seven hills. The house was unfinished cinder-block with wood strip. The two bedrooms were plastered and, while it was all on one floor, you had to go outside to get to the unfinished basement. The only good thing about it was that it was in our price range and we were able to pay cash for it. Perhaps the second good thing was the view from the sun deck. It was great!

487 HillTop, Green Spring Valley, Staunton

July 28-29, 1978

It was indeed hard to pull up roots and leave Statesville again after a second decade of happy residence. Leaving our cozy home on Colony Road for the rather bleak perch on Hilltop was also hard. There were many 'goodbye' doings - luncheons, dinners, parties and numerous calls and other attentions. Some, like the Buddingtons, our beloved back-door neighbors, and the Moffetts said we inspired them to do likewise. The Buddingtons went to Rhode Island to be near their kids, and the Moffetts went to New York city for the same reason.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Byers who had moved us to Monterey and back now undertook to move us to Staunton. When his truck got to the drive on Hilltop, he couldn't make the steep grade, and they had to hire a U-Haul and transfer every item - a double hardship on our old furniture as well as our pocket book. Maury and H.C. were on hand to help and in time we began to feel settled.

Peggy McGeachy and Bill Roberson were our first visitors and have been like family ever since. Phil and Larry Mauzy were also on hand to welcome us and are still 'our children'. It was also good to be near Pobai and Bill again as their manse was between Lexington and Buena Vista, only thirty or forty miles away.

Flo graduated from Indiana University in August. Tommy also flew in that summer to visit and to take Jason, who had moved with us from Statesville, home. Virginia Allen Broadus, one of Tom's favorite cousins, had a summer in Rockbridge Baths near Lexington, and that was a good plus.

Tom began getting calls to preach which helped acquaint and made him feel needed. Dot Pendleton, head

the travel agency in Statesville, let Travel Associates in Staunton know about me, and I was called and hired as part-time help almost immediately.

By November I was also working part-time for Dr. James Knopp, Psychiatrist, Pobai's therapist and friend. His wife, Jimmy (Jane), was my boss and we became good friends doing things together like going to the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts in Richmond for the matinees. Pobai and Bill and Barbara Rule Moorman (in Fairfield, Va.) were also friends of the Knopps and we had many good social times together.

We wound up the year by going to Flo and John's by way of Mildred Sensabaugh Stanley's in Lexington, Kentucky. Jason flew out to spend Christmas with us.

1979 opened with another wedding - Curt and Sandy McCrory's. They had been going together for awhile and living together for a while more, and Sandy was pregnant. The hold up had been her divorce from her former husband who was overseas in the armed services. They didn't have the two-hundred dollars to pay for her divorce, so this was one of the more interesting items in my check book. We liked Sandy a lot. She and her four sisters were orphans raised at Grandfather Home in Banner Elk. We were delighted that they were getting married. They had a nice home wedding in their attractively decorated old place near Elk Park, North Carolina, on a January 14th snowy Sunday. I made refreshment goodies and a wedding cake and carried Mama's hand-painted punch bowl down for the occasion with their many friends. Sandy's son, Eric, is a good-looking, smart lad, and we took him into our family as another grandson.

That same week the brakes on H.C.'s truck gave way while he was feeding up on his hill, and in an effort to jump in and stop the truck, he fell and broke his foot in several places. He had to have surgery in Charlottesville and he was immobile for quite a while.

In February we drove down to Palm Harbor, Florida to

visit the Buddingtons who had a cottage in a retirement village on the water. We had such a good week, sailing and seeing the sights.

In the spring Tom started the first of two interims, at Finley Memorial Church in Stuart's Draft. This is a small but very active Presbyterian church with some of the finest folk we have ever known. They loved Tom and he was able to heal some wounds and bring in some new members. When we finished the first nine months there, they gave us a Suter cherry bed (handmade furniture here in the valley).

I enjoyed the monthly 'dutch' luncheons with the Presbyterian Minister's Wives as well as a writer's group I had found, and gradually I began to feel a part of the community. I joined Covenant Presbyterian Church which, of the six in Staunton, had the most young adults. I didn't want to join a church in which I would be in the majority in point of age.

On May 4, 1979 Lucas Southall was born. He was a fine, big baby but his foot was turned under and the March of Dimes organization helped them with the cost of having his feet in casts - poor little fellow.

On April 11 Peggy and Bill Roberson had a baby girl - quite a feat as Peggy was nearly forty years old. They named her Sarah Frances.

My day book is full of visits from friends from Statesville, missionaries, etc. not to mention frequent visits with Pobai and Bill and Barb Moorman. Margaret Kepler was a special friend and Mable Haynes.

And in June Marable and H.C. adopted three children, all from one family - Teresa 6, Terry 5, and David 4. In spite of a rather dreary early childhood they are lovely children. So in one year our grandchildren grew from four to eight (nine with Eric whom we claim).

Jason came that June for a month and he and the Wise kids got along well. Jason loved helping on the farm. I took them swimming often, and we visited Luray Caverns and

had a good time. On the way to Luray I was driving and David and Jason were in the back seat. I heard David let out an oath and Jason said, "Granddaddy does not like us to use those words, David, except in church." We took them to the big 'Happy Birthday, USA' Fourth of July celebration put on by the Statler brothers.

In July Flo, Laura and Charlotte drove down and we had a regular house party. All the kids really hit it off well. We took them to ride the Cass Railroad among other things.

Also in July we had the first of our Hedleston reunions at Lees McCrae College in Banner Elk. Laura and Jason went with us. Anne Hedleston Donough was the arranger of the event from her home in Buffalo, New York. The week before she and her husband and daughter were to leave for the gathering, he was killed in an automobile accident in the new car they had bought for the trip. Brave Anne and her daughter came on anyway and spent the night with us before we all drove down together. It rained the whole time. Paul and Sophie, Pobai and Bill, and the Jim Hedlestons (4), the Boyd Hedlestons (3), the Bris Hedlestons (3) and Eleanor Hedleston and her husband were the group. Curt entertained us at dinner with a folk concert. Emily and Heron Mitchell and Mary Heron were also there. It was good for all of us. Afterwards we took Laura and Jason to see Washington, D.C. and there put them on separate planes for home.

On August 5 Tom baptised the Wise children at Union Presbyterian Church, where the family had joined. I made dresses for the girls.

September brought another change. A small farmstead (seven acres) next to the Wise's, came up for sale and we took a swing loan on our Hilltop house and bought it. This was probably the most foolish adventure of our lives. Immediately the interest rates soared to 14% and we were in over our heads. We had a local carpenter do extensive work

on our new-old house, and it cost much more than he had estimated. But we did fix it into an attractive, cozy home with a wood stove as well as furnace, a picture window, and a dish-washer.

Before we moved we made several trips to Statesville during the year - to presbytery, for me to speak to the Women at First Presbyterian Church, and for Neil McGeachy's funeral on December 19.

The year ended with a Christmas celebration at the Wise's and a trip to Indiana to be with the O'Neals.

Box 194, Churchville, Virginia, 24420
on Moffett Creek

We moved to the farm on January 24 of 1980, in the snow. Mr, Huntley, a local mover, was very good and we had little or no damage. There are lots of nice things about country living... the quiet, the abundance of evergreens and wild flowers, the fun of digging into your own dirt and planting and reaping, but of course the best part, to us, was being next door to the Wise family who were in and out and who kept us from being lonesome. We had a two-acre plot across the road by the creek which made an abundant garden which we shared with the Wises and the Sours. Our special good friends were Callie and Bruce Wiggin who lived around the bend, and also the Fleenors who had moved just down the road.

As we had done almost every year, we went to the Sprunt Lectures at Union Theological Seminary in Richmond, Virginia, in late January. The lectures are good and it is fun to see our friends from all over. The Davis's usually come.

Since we had a hard time selling our house on Hilltop, we decided to rent it. The interest payments were really draining us, and I sold the Southall silver service for \$2000 to help.

Tom was asked to be interim minister (a nine month's duration) at Monterey until the new pastor, Bill Cox, came. However, Bill Cox was to serve four churches and would only be at Monterey two Sundays a month, so Tom was invited to preach the first Sunday of every month. He has done this for several years, and I go with him when I can. We are often invited to lunch with the Sullenbergers and others.

In February I attended a writer's workshop at PSCE (Presbyterian School of Christian Education), led by Dowland

Tapp, editor of Westminster Press in Pennsylvania. He was very encouraging about my book based on the life of my parents in Korea. Titled The Journey Is Our Home, the manuscript has been considered by several publishers, but still lies in my drawer unpublished.

I enjoyed being a member and then Chairing the PSCE Sponsors which promotes the school in various ways. The committee met four times a year in Richmond, and the friendships made were good ones.

In the spring Gene Sours helped us plant a thousand pine tree saplings. The Knopps gave us grape vines, and we bought rose bushes. I overdid and had a spell with my back, but even so I enjoyed seeing things bloom and grow. The birds were a special pleasure, and humming birds even came to the trumpet vine on our front porch while we were sitting out there. A wren moved in to a shelf on the back porch, and she returned every year.

My day book is full of company: John and Liz Talmage, the Steeles and Quises and Sally and Fritz from Statesville. The McBrides and Kitty and Brummetts, on and on. Paul and Sophie came often, and once the Hedlestons on the way to our second reunion in Banner Elk. Pobai and Bill and we got together every month or so.

The other big thing about summer was canning. Our garden produced exceedingly well and hot days would find us in the kitchen. It was nice to see the shelves full and the freezer also, but it sure was work.

Tommy and Jason were with us for a week in August again, and the Wise kids and Jason got along well.

My one social outlet was the Augusta County Tuesday Club which met for lunch once a month in various beautiful old homes. The chief asset was the charming women who became my friends.

Curt and Sandy and Lucas and Eric were with us for a week with Eric staying on. Allergic to a bee sting, he was stung and we had a mad race to the hospital. The doctor said we just barely made it.

In early September the Graybills offered us their lovely home at Sunset Beach where we took the Wises. It was the children's first experience with the ocean, and they loved it. So did we.

In October we had a good week in Nashville with the Cranes - saw Emily and Heron and Ellen Hastings who was very ill. We had a visit with the Bill Rules in Knoxville en route, and also stopped off to see Curt and Sandy and the boys in Elk Park, and Josie Morrison. Curt had just passed his plumber's state test for a license.

We had a big Thanksgiving with the Wises and Wiggins and Pobai and Bill. Christmas was again divided between the Wises and O'Neals. An added feature was a trip to Charlotte for Ginny Perry's wedding.

1981 started off with the inauguration of Ronald Reagan and the long hoped-for release of the hostages from Iran.

Both Anne and Laura Hall died in '81. I had tried to see them at least once a year. Anne left her beautiful pine pattern Lennox china for Flo - a dozen of everything.

Finley Memorial was in trouble again. The minister they had called developed a fast-growing cancer and became unable to work, so Tom was called back for another interim while the Burches were still living in the manse. It was rather awkward, but Tom tried to be a friend and pastor to both minister and congregation.

I became more and more involved with PSCE and was delighted to be on hand for the inauguration of its fine re-president, Heath Rada, in March. I served as representative for the Sponsors on the Board of Trustees for a year, and then was Chair of Sponsors for four years.

Through my friend at Covenant Church, Linda Heatwole, I became involved with the Full Circle Board run by Phyllis and Steve Henderson. This was a ministry to families and other people with terminal illness crises. I learned a lot and was a part of several week-ends and seminars. The ministry ceased when the Hendersons moved to Philadelphia.

Our second Hedleston reunion was in July at Banner Elk. We brought Eric home for a visit and Curt and Sandy came for him. Jason was also with us at the time.

The company that came to our little place in the country is amazing: the Tom Davis's, Buddingtons, Sally McQueen, Josie Morrison, Margaret Kepler, the Bill Rules, the Robersons, Mayzys - and of course Pobai, Bill and Barbara and the Knopps. Paul and Sophie came a couple of times also.

We had the Wise kids for supper every Friday night while H.C. had a cattle auction and Maury was on duty at the hospital. We enjoyed them very much and took them swimming in the summer and to various other things during the year - and always Christmas shopping. They were happy and growing and dear.

In the fall of '80 Marable had a real spiritual experience. At work she had a vision of Christ calling her into the ministry and, like the apostle Paul, she could not but obey. She enrolled in the Adult Degree Program at Mary Baldwin College under Rod Owen who was a member of Covenant Presbyterian Church. She did very well in spite of carrying a full load (40 hours) at King's Daughter Hospital as a Respiratory Therapist. This pushed her and she was always under tension. In the spring she applied to come under the care of Shenandoah Presbytery - a long, slow process. The Committee of Presbytery handling candidates was made up of some people who were not in favor of women ministers, especially those with a family. The Presbyterian Church discouraged her and finally she decided to apply to the Methodist Church. They proved to be more responsive and supportive, and she joined Cherrydale Methodist Church. The pastor, Jim Hewitt, was about her age and was very encouraging.

Our house on Hilltop was still for sale so we decided to have an auction and our realtor bought it at \$31,000 rather than let it go for less. That same week-end a friend

of the Knopp's sons, Jim Maulman, was visiting the area and heard about the availability of the house. He decided to buy it for \$35,000, and the contract was signed in July. However the closing was not until September 18th. What a relief!

In October after a dry summer, our well gave out and we had to have a deeper well dug for \$2,000.00 Jimmy Knopp loaned us the money which I worked out at the office..

This same year I was elected an Elder at Covenant Church and White Cross Chairman for the Presbytery Board.

Thanksgiving was at our house with the Wises, Heflefingers and Sours. We had Christmas parties at the Knopps and with the Wises and then headed for our Indiana Christmas. On our way home we stopped, as usual, to see Cousin Earl Hedden who was in a nursing home, and he died shortly thereafter.

1982 began with a beautiful snow which inspired the following haiku:

Yesterday's snow
On field and bow
Meld with fog
In silence round.
Year's beginning
Anticipating
Hope profound.

On the first Sunday in January I was installed as elder at Covenant. In February we had the big thrill of going back to New Orleans for the 50th anniversary of the Chinese Presbyterian Church which Tom had helped organize. Paul and Sophie went with us. We stayed with the DeCamps who had a lovely dinner party for us with special friends. Sophie's brother Jim was living in New Orleans at the time, as was son John, so we all had a seafood feast at Lake Ponchatrain one night. There was another get-together at

the Dieths, and the Edingtons came over from Mobile. All in all it was a fun time.

In March Finley Memorial Church gave Tom a love gift of \$2000 and we bought a secondhand '79 Ford Fairlane. Curt came by bus to receive our old faithful Matador which he drove for many another mile.

April found us in Belmont, North Carolina for Concord presbytery meeting where Tom was the speaker for the 'retired group'. We saw Martha and Helen Hall for the last time as Helen died suddenly not long after.

In May Marable graduated cum Laude from Mary Baldwin College. Also in the spring I made Becca's baptismal dress (Sours) , and we had good visits from Josie and Sally.

In June Covenant Church called Robert DeWester as our pastor. Also in June Tom's goddaughter, Claire Broadus Matthew's son John graduated from St. Christopher's, a boys' private school in Richmond. We were among those present, along with Grandmother Virginia Allen (Broadus).

Clem Morrison and I went to the Montreat Women's Conference and stayed in the cottage of a New Orleans friend, Claire.

Washington and Lee College in Lexington, Virginia bought Mama's series of wildflowers for their new library walls, and my share was \$2000, which helped us afford to go to Sunset Beach again in August with the Wises and O'Neals plus H.C.'s mother, Jean. While we were there we celebrated David and Katie's birthdays. Katie was just back from her junior year at Strausburg University in France where she managed to handle all her courses in French. The O'Neals came home with us for over-night.

Our sad news came in September when Curt and Sandy separated. They said the constant grind of being poor was part of it. This was a bad year for Curt. He had moved in with a fellow who lived up some hollow and in the night he had an attack of kidney stones and had to drive himself to Cannon Memorial Hospital where he had to have the stones

surgically removed. When Marable went down to see him he was very low and angry with the world.

We went with the Wises to the State Fair in Richmond where the kids showed their cattle, and Teresa was in a singing competition. She looked pretty and sang very well.

Thanksgiving we were together with the Hefelfingers, Wises and Sours. Then Maury and I went on a shopping spree with Ann and Jean buying for Christmas. I made costumes for the Wise kids for their Christmas pageant, and after ~~that~~ Christmas we headed for Indiana with the Wises, by way of Mildred's, and enjoyed another happy Christmas in the O'Neals warm and loving home.

1983

1983 was another watershed year in our family. The year began calmly with a retreat for the session at Massanetta, a visit to Statesville for Presbytery, a trip to Richmond for the Sprunt Lectures at UTS, and a record snow (18 inches) in February.

My job with the Knopps ended abruptly in March when Jim decided to close his private practice and work at Woodrow Wilson Rehabilitation Center. It came completely without warning. However, I had taken on a non-paying job as Birthday Interpreter for the Presbyterial, which took a lot of time and energy.

Lucas had ear and adnoid surgery in April and he got along well. He is a dear little boy.

Also in April Tom went with me to Raleigh to a Peace College Alumnae week-end celebration of my fiftieth reunion. The school has grown with a number of beautiful new buildings. I was glad to see the members of my class who came.

Marable began her seminary work in the May term in Richmond, coming home on week-ends. We helped with the kids all we could.

June brought another Broaddus graduation - Anne's, from St. Catherine's School. She is a lovely girl.

The summer was full of company - Oliver, Sally Buddingtons, Sally McQueen. The Wise children went to camp and in July we spent a week at Montreat with the Davis's, and got in a visit with Curt and the boys on our way home. Curt, discouraged, had borrowed \$300 to go to Charleston, South Carolina to look for work with a band.

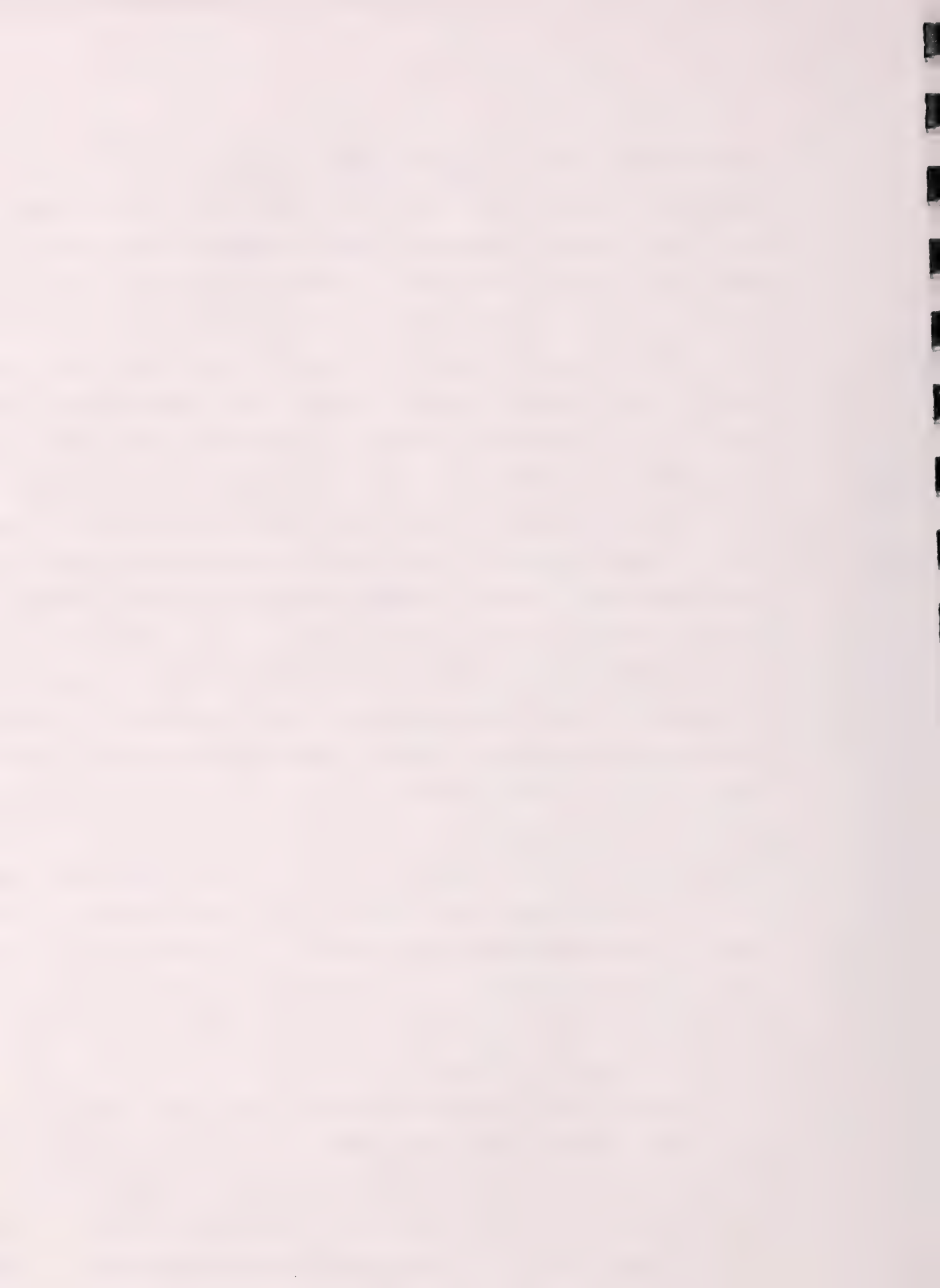
In July I was hired by Covenant Presbyterian Church as a part-time DCE (Director of Christian Education), ten hours per week at \$7.50 per hour.

Between company and canning and new neighbors, the

Fleenors who moved in, the summer flew by. During the summer in Colorado, however, Tommy's mine, Climax Molybdenum, closed down. This was a shock to their large work force which included Tommy. However he had felt it coming and had gone to a near-by community college to take a computer course to be prepared. He had just bought a house and when the mine closed he wrote many letters of application for work, finally landing a good position in Denver with Security Life Company. They were willing to train him. So he moved to Denver in the early fall, into a fine penthouse apartment. He called us often, seeming to need some family support, though he saw Jason on week-ends.

Tom had been home just a week from Richmond where he was a Tower Scholar at UTS when we received in the mail a note from Tommy. It was a suicide note which said "Goodbye" and that he was going back to 'Mother' - the mountain. We got in touch with Kay who had received a similar note. She had alerted the police and game wardens who were searching the mountain area around Leadville. For ten days we called daily and were in agony. Finally word came that he had been found in his own house, without heat in freezing temperature. He was in a state of shock and his feet were badly frost bitten. They took him first to the hospital in Leadville and then to a Denver hospital. Marable and Tom and I flew out and Tommy's boss, Dave Ripo__, let us stay in the company's penthouse apartment called The Summer House at 13th and Williams Street. The refrigerator was stocked, and it was very plush with a wonderful view. And convenient as we could walk to the bus which took us to the hospital. Flo flew out to join us on October 28.

Tommy, still in a disoriented state, hardly knew us, but after several visits he began to remember. Kay was so good to us and drove us everywhere. Jason, also stunned, was eager to be helpful. We stored Tommy's things and gave up his apartment and after a week the doctor said we could take him home with us. Jason and Kay helped celebrate a sad birthday for me - but it helped to have their support.



On November 1 we flew home and began the long process of seeing doctors - a neurologist, psychiatrist, and Dr. Moore who treated his frost bite. I applied for Social Security Disability and was turned down until I wrote our Senator John Warner. Doors were opened and Tommy got the Disability. We had very able and concerned people helping us, particularly Mary Jo Hawkins at the Department of Rehabilitation.

We decided to take Tommy with us to Indiana for Christmas, and had a little anniversary party for Marable and H.C. before we left. Nobody was in much of a celebrative mood. Jason flew in to Roanoke on Dec. 16, and we left for Flo's by way of Mildred's on Dec. 22. We were a big crowd for Flo but she managed as she always does, with lots of good things to eat and a happy and relaxed time together. John's parents were both there as usual. Now that they were both single again they seemed most congenial.

1984 was another very traumatic year for us. It began quietly enough with my once-in-four-years program at the Tuesday Club where I did a 'show and tell' on Mama's water colors. Pobai came to help me. Mama would have liked it, I think.

Tom's second round at Finley was over and they had called a fine young minister, Bob Barden. Tom still went to Monterey on the first Sunday of the month, snow or no.

My work at Covenant was challenging. They increased my hours to 15 a week, and we began Youth Club program on Wednesday afternoons for children in grades two through six. It was well attended and is continuing to be very popular.

Tommy's arm became numb and required out-patient surgery in February. Also in February Marable preached for the World Day of Prayer service at First Presbyterian Church in Staunton.

In March 'Pappy' O'Neal had a heart attack and died on the 26th. He and his kindly good humor are much missed. Jason came to see us on his Easter break, and having him is always a pleasure.

In May Maury and H.C. decided to part. Things had not been going well for a while. H.C. had inherited \$90,000 at the time of their marriage and he had somehow managed to lose it by a combination of bad luck and poor management, having to declare bankruptcy. As co-signer for legal papers, Maury was also bankrupt. We helped her pack and move into an apartment in Staunton for the summer. We also helped H.C. and the kids pack and move to a farm house that belonged to the Hewitts. Their house and farm was sold at auction on the court house steps. H.C. had gone to court to get custody of the children, and Maury did not contest since she felt they would be happier on a farm with him than in Richmond with her concentration on seminary. This led to hurt and misunderstanding from the children. There was pain enough for all concerned.

Our anniversary in 1984 was spent with a peaceful drive down the Skyland Drive. It was a beautiful day with the early wild flowers in bloom - trillium, may apples, dogwood, and azalea.

Virginia Allen's children celebrated her 75th birthday in May with an elegant party at the Women's Club in Richmond, and we were among those present.

In June Marable and I went to see the O'Neals. We got there in time to hear Charlotte play in a recital, wearing a pretty yellow dress I had made from her sketch.

In September a special miracle happened to me. I was selected to be one of the delegation to attend the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the Korean Presbyterian Church in Seoul. My way was paid by the General Assembly's Committee on Women and I was showered with enough extra money from loving friends to be able to go and not feel pinched - and even to buy a few gifts. It was a rich experience for me, never to be forgotten. I flew from Roanoke, joined a group in Chicago, and from there to Seattle, and on to Seoul for the two-week visit.

The big celebration was in the newly built astrodome

(for the Olympics). It seated thousands and was full. A choir of 2000 voices filled the first balcony, and the different presbyteries marched in with banners as the band played '76 Trombones'. There were great speeches and words of gratitude to the four founding Presbyterian bodies. Margaret Pritchard was especially honored. We were served communion in a very worshipful service, and all in all it was one of the high points of my life. Interestingly enough, I could understand most of what was said in Korean, and by the end of the week could even speak a little. We were entertained in Christian homes one night, and attended different churches. We traveled by air conditioned bus over fine highways to Chunju and Kwangju, and we saw many missionary friends and old haunts. It was a happy time.

At the end of Marable's fall term at seminary we drove to the O'Neals for another good Christmas. Jason flew out to join us, and we stopped at Mildred's on our way which was an added treat.

1985 brought us to think again of moving. Our reason for living on Moffett Creek had dried up and blown away, and the place was getting to be too much for two aging folks to tend. And with my job, I was driving once or twice a day into Staunton, a forty-mile round trip. So with Jean Hoffman of Heritage Realty, we put our house on the market. We realized winter was not a good time, but we had to start somewhere. Little did we realize that the process would take a year and a half.

One day Tom took his afternoon nap while driving in to Staunton. He was not hurt and did little damage to the yard he landed in, but he totaled the car, and this necessitated the purchase of another. We bought (on paper) an AMC Corona. Second-hand cars are second-hand trouble, but we had little choice.

February found Tom with bilateral hernia surgery at St. Joseph's Daughter Hospital. Dr. Manning was his surgeon and he got along fine, but he had a lot of pain and getting well took a long time.

Tommy had finished his computer courses at Blue Ridge Community College, but with no experience he could not find a job. He worked at DeJarnett for free to get some experience.

A good deal of my time during the fall and spring was spent making talks on Korea at various churches. Meanwhile the work at Covenant seemed to take more and more time as the programming grew.

We saw the Wise children off and on, trying to keep in touch, but it was not easy.

This was a big year for Curt. Lucas started first grade, for one thing. He is a darling, bright and attractive little boy. Then, the picture began to clear for Curt's future plans. The Department for the Blind finally began to pay attention to his inquiries for help with his education. It was a long, slow process that took all fall. His outside interest in the stars helped. He tried to see the kids as often as possible. In November we went over to see Curt and invited Sandy and the boys with him for supper before heading home with Curt in the worst rain I can remember. It turned into a flood by the time we got to Moffatt Creek and we had to go in a round-about way to get home. Curt was with us for about ten days during which he helped us a lot and we enjoyed his visit. He returned by bus.

At the PSCE alum meeting in April Sara Little and I were honored with the Trustees-Alumna Award. It was more appreciated because I so little deserved it. Those at my table were: Davis's, Sally, Virginia Broadbush, Marable, the Duths, and of course Tom.

1985 ended with another good O'Neal Christmas. Marable, Jason and Tommy with us. We didn't expect it. At this would be our last of these for a while.

1986, Our Fiftieth Anniversary Year

This was a big year for us in many ways. The most important was that Curt began to find his goals attainable, and in June he started back to school at the University of Appalachia in Boone, North Carolina. He had been to visit us in April and helped Tom fix up our house to make it more salable. Life had begun to make sense to him again and we were so glad.

Flo was in charge of our big anniversary celebration. We rented the Wilson cottage at Massanetta for the week-end of June 6 and 7, and Flo wrote to the list of family and friends which I supplied, inviting them to participate and send a message. She took the cards and letters and laminated them and put them into a beautiful scrapbook. She and her girls arrived on Friday, June 6. Marable was also with us, back from her first year in seminary. Curt and Lucas came on a bus. Tommy, of course, was still living with us. Paul and Sophie came and stayed at a motel. Pobai, Bill and Susie joined us in the cottage. And Jason flew in to Roanoke where we met him. We had cooked ahead and also had some meals at Massanetta (lunch on Sunday). We grilled steaks in the rain on Saturday night, and it was such a happy time all of us together. Saturday afternoon the Robersons and the Harts came and Margaret Depler and Willie Gieslen from Sunnyside. Flo and Peggy had planned a cake and punch, and would you believe - those children of ours, poor as they all are, gave us a microwave oven. We have enjoyed it almost every meal since and don't know how we lived so long without it. In addition, my Covenant Church had a reception for us one Sunday after church, which we appreciated very much.

We had hoped the Wise children would come, but they did not and we were disappointed.

Jason stayed on and helped with Bible School and seemed to enjoy it. He also got to see the Wises, spending a night or so with them, and we were happy for any bridge-building.

We finally had a buyer for our house on the Creek. A young couple from the midwest, just out of school. Jim and Kate Richerson. He had a job teaching at Blue Ridge Community College. The sale was an on again off again, difficult experience. We figured out that they wanted to delay the closing until he had his first or second pay check, and they accomplished the delay by finding fault with everything they could think of. It was ridiculous. They were so rude to Jean, our realtor, that she didn't feel she could come to the closing which took place just before Thanksgiving. And how thankful we were!

In the mean time, thinking that they were moving in the house in August, we rented a very nice house in Staunton at 502 Hoover Street, and moved on August 1st, making us pay both rent and mortgage until November. We are thankful to have it settled and we plan never to own property again.

502 Hoover Street, Staunton, Va.

Friends were helpful on both ends of our move. Bruce and Donna Fleenor, our neighbors on the Creek, gave a farewell dinner for the neighborhood, and Bruce and Callie helped. We shall miss being near them. On the other end, Bill Hefelfinger and Barbara Moorman came up from Lexington to help load their cars. The Almiguists and Ruby brought food and many other good friends helped ease the hard work and pain of moving.

The week after we moved Marable and I went to see the O'Neals. We took Grandpa Allen's portrait with us for them since I am trying to divide the family treasures.

Katie had graduated from The University of Michigan Law School in Ann Arbor, in June, and had taken her first job with a law firm in San Francisco. Out there she found an apartment and began studying for the Bar exam, and during this she came down with mononucleosis, which made it doubly hard, but she passed her exam. We hate to have her so far away but are satisfied that she is happy.

Marable was with us until UTS started up in the fall. She worked again at King's Daughter Hospital, and in the fall she had a part-time job in Richmond working in the Fan District at Pace Memorial Methodist Church. The church, once in an upper-class neighborhood, burned, and they intentionally rebuilt in the same place knowing that the neighborhood was becoming inner-city. Now they have a fine ministry for different needy groups. It was good experience for Maury but it pushed her on her hard courses at UTS, and she finally had to drop a couple.

In October our car was giving us trouble and we traded again for a blue '85 Ford Temps. We took off in it for Concord presbytery meeting in Statesville. It is always fun to get back and see old friends.

Also in October Caroline Gourley and Sally drove up to see us. Caroline was considering divorce and needed a listening ear. We had at least had experience.

At the end of October I took off with Barb Moorman for an elderhostel on writing at Highland, North Carolina. It was a beautiful place on the Continental Divide, and the courses were great. It was a refreshing break, even if I have given up on publishing.

The closing on the house finally came about on November 21. We got \$20,187.78 which was about \$10,000 less than we had put in it, but we had lived some happy years there, and at this point we were thankful to have it off our backs. We invested in two C.D.'s and a Money Market fund.

December 30- January 5th - Curt and Marable were both with us for Christmas, as was Jason. We had the Hefelfingers with us on Christmas Day, and it was a happy time in lots of ways, but sad, too, with no word from the Wises. However Jason saw them and after Christmas they came for supper one night while he was here.

1987

The year began with a big snow. Marable was here until the 3rd and Jason until the 5th. Finley Memorial invited us for the January 11 Sunday and presented us with a love gift of \$1150. We left from there to take Curt back to Boone, in the snow. In Boone our new second-hand car's starter would not start, requiring a new one on the spot.

One of my interesting experiences during the year was acting as interpreter for a Mr. Kim at the Woodrow Wilson Rehabilitation Center. He had fallen from a roofing job and fractured his spine, paralyzing him from the waist down. He spoke no English, so every week I went and interpreted for the doctor, the physical therapist, the head of the unit, and the nurse in charge. Mr. Kim and I grew to be friends, and he began to cooperate and use what muscles and nerves

still had. By summer he was able to go home to Fairfax, Virginia with his wife and two sons - and I hope to some kind of good life. The Center paid me for interpreting but the experience was a value in itself.

In February we went to a retreat led by Al Winn on Nouwen's book, "The Way of the Heart", dealing with meditation and silence. Pobai and Bill were there which was a big plus. Also in February Paul was asked to preach for our mission season emphasis. He really has the gift of communication and our church folk were fascinated. After supper at our house Paul decided he must get to Washington that night so he could leave in the morning for Atlanta, Georgia. We left in a light snow but it soon became the worst snow storm I ever remember. Paul drove. The road was invisible and wrecks were right and left, but we finally reached Washington and streets which had not been cleared, and all directional signs were covered with snow. About 1:00 a.m. we found a motel and let down our worries. Of course the plane he had planned to catch in the morning was not flying as the airport was closed down. And so, incidentally, was the government. Washington was not prepared for 14 inches of snow. What a brother!

Curt had a fine trip out west in March on a field trip combining both anthropology and astronomy classes. He loved it and wants to move out west.

Also in March I was one of the 'advocates' for the new curriculum for our denomination's education program. We went to a meeting near Greensboro. Tom went along and stayed with the Davis's where we were their guests for the annual Library Club Dinner. The speaker was Mr. Harris of the Harris Poll Center. He was fascinating.

In addition to her last year at seminary, Marable had to meet the various requirements for ordination in the United Methodist Church. The sermon she submitted on tape was judged the best in several years.

Kelin Perry was married in April and we drove down for the beautiful church wedding at Myers Park _____ Church

in Charlotte, North Carolina, and the reception at the country club. We were in Statesville for church on Sunday and, as always, loved seeing old friends.

Marable's seminary was out May 23rd. She still lacked two courses to graduate. We went over and brought her things back and her car to be fixed while she and her friend, Melanie, drove to Nova Scotia on a camping trip. They said it was cold, but they had a good time and brought back some beautiful pictures.

Tom and I went back to Randolph-Macon College in May for his fiftieth anniversary where they treated us like royalty and we enjoyed the experience.

June 6 was the high point of our year, as we went with Marable to her ordination at the Annual Methodist Conference of Virginia which was held in the huge conference center at Virginia Beach. The auditorium holds 5000, and I believe they were all there. The large choir was great, and the whole service was very impressive. Marable's pastor from Staunton, Jim Hewitt, was her choice to lay hands on her head. We knew practically no one except Anita Billingsley from Monterey. Some of the members of Marable's new parish of four churches were there and introduced themselves to us.

Later in June, when Curt and Lucas and Eric were visiting us, we drove down to Cumberland, Virginia for Marable's installation at Antioch, one of her churches. It is a lovely white columned church in a grove of trees. For her first service and the installation, she locked her keys in the car and the Lay Leader had to call the sheriff to open the door. By morning the story was all over the county.

We took Curt and the boys to Washington to see the sights. We rode the Metro into town, saw the zoo, and the Smithsonian - or at least some of it. I think the boys had an eye full. They are great kids and we enjoyed them. Curt is a good father.

Our Bible School, also in June, was an original

(without curriculum). Sandy Green is a very creative, charismatic person, and she was the director. We lived out the life of Jesus' day, even to a well, with booths and many other realistic experiences. Jason was visiting that week and was a big help and seemed to enjoy the program.

The fall flew by and then there was Thanksgiving. The Hefelfingers brought a delicious cooked turkey. Barb Moorman was here, and Marable and her minister friend, Joel Wright. We had hoped Susie and the Wise kids would come, but for their own reasons they didn't. We had a nice Thanksgiving together.

After Thanksgiving Marable, Tom and I went on a flying trip to Indiana by way of Mildred's in Kentucky. We had a nice two days. Laura had had a bad attack of kidney stones and was still running a low fever. Charlotte was having bunion trouble on both feet. I fear she inherited Mother Southall's bad foot/bone structure, and she must have surgery the first of the year. Both girls are beautiful and fine. Laura had just gotten her senior school pictures which are lovely. She plans to go to Purdue University and study engineering, looking still toward becoming an astronaut.

Which brings us to Christmas. Marable got a call from H.C. offering her a visit from the children during Christmas, but they didn't want to leave until after Christmas morning, so Tom waited and brought the Wises about lunch time Christmas day. Tommy and I drove down on Christmas Eve day, taking food, bedding, gifts and decorations. Marable's friend Joel was there and we had a quiet but good Christmas Eve.

On Christmas we opened our gifts and had a good time. This story was my main gift to our four children but Barb Moorman, who is putting it on the computer for me, only got the first section done - up to our wedding - and she will do the rest as she is able and as I can afford to pay.

Curt and Lucas arrived about noon on Saturday in the

rain. His old jalopy made it, for which we were relieved. Lucas is such a dear. We had a ham and turkey Christmas dinner that night, and a happy evening together.

Sunday morning Joel preached at the Presbyterian Church and Curt went with him. Tom assisted Marable at Antioch Methodist and I went along. The kids all played hookey. On Sunday afternoon from three to five, we had a reception for the four churches under Marable's care, and in spite of a cold rain about sixty of the members came and stayed and seemed to enjoy it. The food held out but just barely. The last crumb of the huge cocoanut cake was gone and most of the ham biscuits. Teresa and Terry were a big help, and David and Lucas did their part.

When the last guest had reluctantly gone, we sort of collapsed, sent out for pizzas, and watched 'Terms of Endearment' on TV. After we went to bed we were wakened by Joel's having a diabetic seizure. The Rescue Squad came and Marable went with them to take him to a Richmond hospital. About six a.m. she called for Tom and Curt to come get them. It was a scary experience for us all. During the morning we packed up and left.

Curt and Luke stayed with us until Thursday, and we took them to Natural Bridge and the Wax Museum on Wednesday. Thursday evening they called to say they were safely home.

So ends the Southall Saga- so far. We are grateful to have each other and to even like as well as love each other, and to look forward to many new adventures in 1988.

I'll end with Granddaddy's 'Frog went a-courting', ending: "The pots and the Kettles is a-hanging on the shelf
 or want it any more you can sing it yourself."

Love,

A BOY AND HIS BIKE

Sixteen is a big year in every boy's life. My sixteenth summer stands out vividly in my memory. Nowadays, it means a driver's license and the freedom of wheels. In the long ago 1920s, my ambition was a bicycle. There were few models from which to choose, and an army surplus bike in the Hub Department Store in Baltimore was the answer to my dream. I saved my Christmas money, did odd jobs for neighbors and would stoop to almost anything for a nickel. The day came when, with the huge sum of \$20.00 in hard cash, I made my purchase. A strong, sturdy bicycle it was, built to transport lesser officers around the rough terrain of army camps. Generals and the like still rode in motorcycle's side cars. Painted the army kaki, it had a tool kit fastened to the cross bar and a carrier on the back. Breaks were a recent feature. There was only one speed.. boy-power.

A bicycle, too, meant wheels for me. Wheels meant a trip, a chance to get out on my own. From our home in Baltimore to our former home in Greensboro, North Carolina, was four hundred miles. I could see myself riding up to my favorite Aunt's with, "Hi, Auntie. I just pumped in from Baltimore." What a feat!

The biggest hurdle would be to sell my parents on the idea. Being over protected is one of the givens of an only child. I knew my mother would never really take to the idea, so I concentrated my campaign on my salesman father. I used every technique that I had learned from him and a few original ones besides. When my father began to get out maps and help me plan the trip, I knew I had won.

The First day - Baltimore to Washington, D. C.

After an eternal night, the first streaks of light found me up and more than ready to go. Weather forecasts were unknown in those days, but a clear sky seemed a good omen. I left with many words of caution, a few tears and a bag lunch from my mother. The early start helped me get through the city before the rush of morning traffic. Tall buildings gave way to homes with yards, and then to open country.

I noticed everything. Maple trees shaded the road with its newly paved two lanes all the way to Washington! Corn flowers and daisies bowed to the black eyes susans blooming along the way. There were few cars, most of them Model T Fords. The drivers would honk and wave as would the other cyclist and riders on horse back and drivers of ox-carts. All of this lifted my spirits. I was on my own for the first time in my short life, and I felt I could handle anything!

A shady tree by a stream provided an inviting spot for a lunch break. Mother had fixed my favorite foods--beaten biscuits with ham and cheese, oatmeal cookies and three big juicy apples.

In my excitement, the gathering clouds had gone unnoticed until a few drips of rain startled me. Suddenly, the sun was gone. A storm blew in with wind, thunder and lightning. Then came rain as I had never felt it before. It stabbed me with little knife strokes. It ran down

self glad to escape to the bicycle and the rain and mud.

With the storm, darkness came early. The lights of Washington shining through the late afternoon fog were a welcome sight to me. Without looking for the hotel suggested by my Father, I pedalled up to the first hotel I saw, parked my bike and went inside. The desk clerk was amazed to see me alone and without baggage. My self esteem dropped with each of his prying questions. My wet clothes were heavy and I was shaking with cold when he finally agreed to take my money and give me a key to a room. Stripping, I draped my entire wardrobe on the radiator and jumped between icy sheets.

When the noise of my teeth chattering let up, I began to feel the call of my empty stomach. I remembered my high spirits of that long ago time--this morning. I had not anticipated this lonely situation. For a long time I lay in this strange hotel bed wondering if I should not turn around in the morning and head for home. But, how could I possibly face my parents after all my campaign and high expectations? I could not admit to them that I was not big enough to handle the first discouragement. A few very unmanly tears spilled on to the cold, strange pillow before exhaustion put me to sleep.

The sun woke me in the morning. Everything seemed brighter. My clothes were dry. I couldn't wait to get breakfast. Turn back? Why, the very idea! Whatever happened, it could not be as bad as yesterday!

The Second day - Washington, D. C. to Bowling Green, Virginia

By noon, I had pedalled fifty miles from Washington to the old town of Fredricksburg, Virginia. The Battle of the Wilderness, near Fredricksburg, had been the scene of many of the stories of the Civil War that I had heard as a child. Thompson Brown, a handsome young officer in Jackson's Army, had married my Great Aunt Mary. We still had his last let-

ter written from this battlefield shortly before his death. My Father and I, in turn, bear his name.

I found the battlefield and walked slowly around the bits and pieces of the relics of war, an old cannon, some rusting balls, a broken wall. I tried to think how it must have been when these boys, not much older than I, had been called to shoot and be shot by former friends and kin. Some things are best forgotten.

By this time, I had found my 'bicycle legs'. My sore muscles of the first day were gone. I really enjoyed pumping up hills and coasting down. My bike was in good shape. People who passed me on the road, stopped to speak. I was glad to discover this friendly world all on my own.

I passed a lady carrying a heavy suitcase. Stopping, I offered to put it on my bike for a while. She hesitated. Since I must have looked harmless, she accepted my offer. She had been down to see her son who was stationed at a nearby army camp. She was from the north and she told me a sad story of all the bad things that had happened to her on this trip. Her money had been stolen. No one would take her in without money, so she had had to sleep on the ground. It had rained (how well I remember!) and she was hungry. She hadn't had a kind word from anyone. We walked on in silence for a while. From my lunch snack, I had saved some cookies and an apple. These I shared with her. I went with her to the railroad station where the money her husband had wired her was waiting. When I put her bag down and told her, "Goodbye", she smiled for the first time. She offered to pay me, but I refused. "Thank you for showing me there is such a thing as 'southern hospitality,'" she called after me as we parted friends.

This trip wasn't so bad after all, I thought. I can take care of myself and even help others a little. I can find my way around. " Not bad, ole

man", I commended myself. In spite of these brave words, I was very glad to see the lights of Bowling Green by moonlight. It had been a long time since I left Washington, eighty-five miles away.

The Third Day - Bowling Green to Hallsboro, Virginia

I looked forward to seeing my old neighbors in Richmond. They had invited me to lunch. Familiar faces and home cooked food had a great appeal at this point in my journey. I felt at home as I pedalled down Broad Street and turned over to Grace Street, my old neighborhood. My friends gave me a big welcome and were duly impressed with my story. Corn bread and turnip greens were a special treat for a hungry boy who had been living on 'rat cheese' and crackers from the barrels at country stores.

Richmond had been my Great-grandparents' home. Some of the family was still around and we often gathered with the clan at Christmas and Thanksgiving. I loved to listen to stories of the War between the States or 'the recent unpleasantness', as they called it. One, I remember especially, was of the dark night when there was a knock at the door. A hooded officer wanted to see my Great Grandpa. There was a low conversation. Two officers brought a wounded soldier from the waiting carriage at the door. He was carried to a back bedroom. There was much scurrying about but everyone was very still and calm. The wounded officer was General J. E. B. Stuart.

It was mid-afternoon before I left Richmond and dark when I pumped into the village of Hallsboro. There was no hotel. At a country store I was told of a lady who occasionally took in boarders. Timidly, I knocked at her door. The woman who opened the door was the first unpleasant person I had met. She did not believe my story. She was very suspicious. After we talked for a while, she finally agreed to let me sleep in the guest house. She

led me over with a candle. The door creaked open as if it resented being disturbed. A bat, also disturbed, darted madly around. There was a musty smell of mice. When she left me with a gruff nod, I sat on the edge of a chair in the small circle of light made by the candle feeling, very, very alone. I remembered that I had had no supper.

From the house came a light. Had the lady changed her mind, and would she tell me to leave? What a relief, when I opened the door for her, to find she had brought me some warmed over soup. By the next morning, she trusted me enough to invite me over to the house for a hot breakfast of sausage and grits.

The Fourth Day - Hallsboro to Drake's Branch, Virginia

This day's trip was over country roads by rolling farms. There were lots of barking dogs and children playing. They would run to see what this lone boy was doing on their road. The children were friendly but curious. The dogs were noisy and suspicious. I had to use the ammonia gun more than once. By now, I felt like a seasoned traveler. I enjoyed telling of my adventures. Sometimes the response was, "Oh yea?", but more often it was, "Wish I could do that."

Uncle Walt had lived four miles out from the small crossroads of Saxe, which, in turn, was five miles from the village of Drake's Branch. My Mother and I had spent several summers on his farm. For a city boy, this was high adventure. The log house stood on a hill. A covered breezeway connected the front rooms with the kitchen and sleeping quarters. Food was cooked on a wood stove. Water was carried from the spring a quarter of a mile away. The ice box was the spring house. Evenings, when chores were done, the family gathered in the breezeway and our chairs rocked to the enchantment of Uncle Walt's fascinating stories. No T.V. Western has

held more excitement for me.

My jobs on the farm were going to the spring for water, gathering eggs, (once I put my hand into the nest and startled a black snake) and helping to fill the barn with new-mown hay.

One day I leaned too far out of the hay loft to catch a bundle of hay, and, losing my balance, fell onto the wagon tongue below. Too clearly I recall the unexpected shock of pain, nausea, and then blackness. Uncle Walt left his work, saddled his horse, and galloped off for the nearest doctor in Drake's Branch. The long hours of waiting with nothing to dull the pain are etched on my memory. Finally, we heard horses hooves. Under the light of the kitchen lamp, the good doctor set my compound fractured arm.

Uncle Walt had died the year before. He was lovingly remembered in the town of Drake's Branch. They even remembered me and my broken arm. After supper at the little Inn, I sat with the men on the porch. Between chaws of tobacco, they vied with each other over the best of Uncle Walt's stories.

The Fifth Day - Drake's Branch, Virginia to Reidsville, North Carolina

"Only one more day, only one more day!" I sang to myself as I pedaled and pumped the hills that became higher as I crossed from Virginia into North Carolina. I stopped only to get some cheese and crackers and a drink of cold water. It was bright moonlight when I finally reached Reidsville and pushed the last pedal up to a small hotel. I had come one hundred miles! I did not stay awake to think about anything that night.

The Sixth Day - the arrival - Reidsville to Greensboro, North Carolina

Broad daylight woke me the last morning. For a moment I could not remember where I was. Then, with a rush, I realized it was only twenty-five miles from here to Greensboro and my dear Auntie. I swallowed breakfast in wolf bites and was on my way.

Greensboro had been a second home growing up. Auntie and Mother were close friends as well as sisters. No matter where we had lived, there was always a trip to Greensboro sometime soon. It did not take long to find Church Street near the O. Henry Hotel and the familiar gingerbread-trimmed white framed house that I loved.

Few heros have received a warmer welcome. Friends and neighbors gathered to hear about my great adventure. Although, I admit enjoying the limelight, the most important aspect of the trip to me was the fact that I had set out on my own, that I did not give up when the going was rough, and that I had actually made it. Somehow, in the doing I had come to like being me.

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1665
words

ACROSS RUSSIA - HARD CLASS

by

LILLIAN C. SOUTHALL

Looking back on the summer of thirty-four, three dimensional previews of the war that was soon to be leap to mind. At age eighteen, I could see the pieces, but could not put them together. More important to me was the prospect of a summer in Europe. The cheapest way to get there from my home in Korea was by way of the Trans-Siberian Rail Road, which for \$87.50 would transport me 8,000 miles-- if I were willing to go 'hard class'. Hard Class cars, as accurately described in their folder, are 'four berthed compartments without private toilet. The berths are of plain wood '.

Our party was composed of Mrs. Beard, a large, warm-hearted missionary from Korea and her over grown teen-aged daughter, Samantha, Miss Springer, a spritely, nervous maiden lady on her way home from forty years of missionary service in India, and me, a red-headed college girl. On

the train we were joined by a young man completing a three-year professorship in Nanking University. From any point of view, we were a strange mix.

Tensions were such in the diplomatic world that Americans, particularly American missionaries, were unwelcome even as transients in the Union of Soviet Socialistic Republics. Seoul had no Russian Consulate. We had to travel 1000 miles to Harbin, Manchuria, to apply for a visa. We were advised by the American consul in Seoul to go to the Russian consulate and, 'sit them out '. To throw us out would provoke an incident and he did not think they were willing to risk that. At 9:00 a.m. Harbin time, the four of us went to the consulate of the U.S.S.R. Every fifteen minutes by their big round clock, one of us would approach the window as if for the first time, and ask pleasantly for a visa. There was audible irritation on the other side of the office window, but, at ten minutes to five in the afternoon, our passports were duly stamped.

Unable to read Russian or Chinese, we were unaware that our next leg of the journey was through the flooded basin of the mighty Yalu River on its way to the sea. The train inched its way along, stopping often for workmen to pile sandbags along the roadbed. By mid-afternoon, we were completely stopped as the track was under water. With the rest of the passengers, we waded through mud to a tiny village to wait it out. The villagers were curious but friendly. They laid straw mats on an open courtyard for us to sit. When it began to get dark, they brought out hot noodles and tea. There were of course no facilities and we were afraid to drink the water. There may

have been longer nights, but I cannot remember them. By morning, however, the sun and wind had worked a miracle and we were glad to take our chances if the train master was.

Manchuko, the border town between Siberia and Manchuria, presented us with one of those experiences of which one is enough. We were searched from our toe nails to our ear lobes and all in between. They even made note of the gold in our teeth. My Brownie kodak was sealed and I was sternly warned that if the seal was broken, I would be held on the far border.

Here, let me mention baggage. We carried bed-rolls (before the days of compact camping gear) cooking equipment, food (including a baked chicken), old clothes for the train trip and a suitcase with our 'best rags' for Europe. There were twenty-five bags, boxes, baskets and bundles for the four of us! We did indeed look like refugees.

The Trans-Siberian train was unlike any I had ever seen. It was huge! It stood high off the ground with wide gauge wheels which supported massive cars. The interiors of our coaches were severely plain. We were told that 'soft class' was ornate. All compartments opened on the single aisle on one side of the coach. There was one small toilet at the end of the coach.

Once on the train, we set up house keeping for our eight-day trip. I even tore up a sheet to make curtains! A tin can made a functional vase for the many wild flowers I picked when the train stopped. There were three scheduled stops a day at towns like Karymskaya, Amsk, Viatka and finally, Moscow. We referred to these as 'watering holes' for there was a mad rush to fill all kettles, bottles

and jars with the steaming hot water which gushed from an open spigot. Since I was the smallest of our group, I was assigned the task of getting in and between the bearded Russians to fill our two canvas water bags. We hung one out of the window to cool for drinking. The other was hot enough to warm cans, make tea and wash dishes. We didn't wash much.

Siberia was a very unique and enchanting country to me, wild and empty. Our trip was made in the summer so our only night was long hours of lovely twilight. Once, we were treated to the spectacular of the northern lights. It was a land of vast forests of virgin timber, abundant wild flowers, Lake Baikal--as large as a sea, few unsmiling people, and hungry, hollow-eyed children who fought over the empty cans we put into the station trash dumps.

The official interpreter, and the only other person on the train who spoke English, was a small apprehensive Russian Jew. He never spoke without looking around to see if he was being watched. Through our encounters with him, I began to understand the meaning of fear for the first time in my life. He would tell me little things like, "They're laughing because they have guns behind them", pointing to the people packed in open box-cars whom we passed on a siding. They were on their way to the salt mines.

One night the train screeched to a sudden stop. Curious, I raised the shade. It took me a while to comprehend what I saw --a line of soldiers with bayonets pointed at us ! Our interpreter came up behind me and pulled the blind, "Its best for you not to see", was

all he would ever say, and that very quietly.

Only one person on the train bothered me. He was the train inspector. Each morning, he would stalk down the cars in his starched white jacket and red braided cap. Without knocking, he would push open our door and look at us as if we were the scum of the earth. My red head was not given me in vain. I began to seethe inside. Mrs. Beard and Miss Springer tried to caution me with, "Remember, we are guests in this country. They could do anything."

On a day my opportunity came. The train had stopped to mend a hot wheel. Most people were outside taking advantage of the fresh air. I was doing my little chore of washing up our lunch dishes. I looked for an open window to empty my pan. Can you guess who was standing just under the only open window? Yes, you are right, the inspector himself ! Oh, Lillian, you wouldn't ! But, yes, I did. It wasn't long before the irate inspector and our highly agitated interpreter were gesticulating furiously before me. I had put away my pan and was innocently reading. I simply looked up and smiled. In my best manners I said, "I'm so sorry but I don't understand Russian," and went on with my book. Interestingly enough, from that day to the end of the trip, the inspector took off his cap and bowed politely to me whenever we met.

When we crossed the Ural mountains into European Russia, the landscape changed. Villages and farms, onion-shaped church steeples and large estates gave life to the view from our train windows. When we stopped, the villagers smiled and things seemed more normal.

Our interpreter was worried about what we would do during our three days in Moscow. They were not equipped for tourists in those days. Through him, we arranged hotel accommodations, a chauffeured car and an interpreter. Strangely, the hostility seemed to ease and we were well treated if carefully watched. We were shown all the 'proper' things including the large, well planned park of Culture and Rest. We joined a square dance group and enjoyed an outdoor concert. We did not see another American person and only a few other cars. Pretty and charming was our interpreter, a student of English at the University. Some of her words I cannot forget. "Yes, we still have some churches. We don't need many for only old people go. We have a new and more important cause; we will conquer the world. We have a plan. You will see! "

Warsaw was the end of the line for the Trans-Siberian train. Mrs. Beard wrote in her diary, "threw all my clothes out of the window and got off in Warsaw ". I am sure she meant her 'train clothes'. When the station inspector cut the seal on my Kodak, I turned around and took his picture. This upset him. He chased me around the station until I escaped through the gate from Russia into Poland, the then free world.

The feeling of freedom soon turned into concern and then into an empty feeling in the pit of our stomachs when we heard the whispered words preceding the measured tramp of goose-stepping feet as Hitler marched in front of his Brown shirts past our open air cafe in Munich. I listened with a family in Oberammergau to the radio announcing the distressing news of Chancellor Dolphus' assassination.

Again, I witnessed raw fear as they whispered, "This is the beginning of war". Indeed, for four days all trains were stopped going in or out of Germany. In the general confusion, my baggage was lost.

There were other interesting, distressing and learning experiences that summer, but I shall never forget the stark and haunting memories of my trip across Russia.

WINN DAVID HEDLESTON, D.D.

My earliest recollection of the gentle man with graying whiskers and a twinkle in his very blue eyes, whom I called "Granddaddy", was in the living room of their professorial home on the campus of Ole Miss. It was a rainy afternoon. Granddad was laying on the couch correcting papers and I, age four, was standing by the window watching the rain through the lace curtains and feeling very bored. He offered to sing me a song, "A Frog Went A-Courting". I was delighted. "Sing it again", I begged over and over until I had it securely in my small head. I

still remember every verse to this day and have taught it to all my grandchildren. What a patient man!

The summers I spent with my grandparent at their retirement home "Sunset Hill", out from Oxford, are happy memories for me. Life moved very slowly. There was time to talk, sit on the porch and rock, and to listen to and soak in some of the depth and breadth of this same Grandfather. He knew so much about everything. He took me on walks by the river and in the woods, pointing out the wild flowers by name, identifying the birds by their calls, and even noticing the snakes which were of interest to him. He never lectured me, but I knew when he approved and wanted very much to measure up.

Granddad had time for everyone who came, and there were many who found their way on the dirt road to the white-columned home surrounded by crepe myrtles. Peacocks on the lawn announced their arrival. Sharecroppers and the blacks who tilled the cotton fields came to talk about the weather, the best way to farm, and their own problems. Politicians from Jackson came to discuss upcoming bills in the legislature. Former students came to bring their families to visit their favorite professor. One of his more famous protégés, William Faulkner, and his fiancé, came out to College Hill to be married by him. Of course, ministers from all around came for comfort and advice and neighbors dropped in at all hours. All who came, at whatever hour, received equal respect and kindly wisdom mixed with a touch of humor.

The well-known story of the terrible yellow fever epidemic that hit the black community in Oxford, and of the young Presbyterian minister who left his home to go and nurse the sick and dying, is a matter of Oxford history. This is a parable of his style of living. I have the picture yet of his coming to the back fence at their home after dark to meet my Grandmother with some clean clothes. I was not there, but the story has stayed with me.

Although he was an avid reader, Grandfather never flaunted his learning. His sermons in the College Hill Church were clear, interesting, and simply true. No one could miss the message and his way of telling it made indelible ridges in our memories.

My one regret was that the wedding he was to have performed for us never took place because of his early death.

If I had to put in a phrase that which stands out about my Grandfather it would be Christian integrity. He had no prejudice in a very prejudiced era. He had time, respect, and help for all he met on the dusty road of life.

by Lillian Crane Southall
Staunton, VA

FIFTY TWO YEARS AND STILL IN LOVE

This past Christmas I gave to our four children a written story of our lives as a family. It was fun remembering, sometimes sad, sometimes funny but for the most part I felt gratitude for the joys that have been ours.

I'll start with how we met. I was fifteen when my missionary parents had to leave me in Peace Junior College in Raleigh, N.C. while they returned to their life work in Korea. This was 1932 in the depth of the depression. The depression did not affect me much as we had never had much of this world's goods. I remember my first long dress..purple velvet. It cost a fortune..\$14. I put it on lay-away and paid \$2 a month for it. I kept it for years and finally made a pocket book out of it.

As in most schools the annual promoted a vote for superlatives. Since it was a small school, most everybody got 'best' in something. Mine was the prettiest. Through a series of events my picture got in the local paper and the associated Press picked it up. They were hard up for news.

Tom: tells about reading the paper in Alexandria, Va and writing a letter. When no answer came, he tried to find me.. calling Washington.

Me: Our first meeting..and ' I believe in Predestination'.

I went to Korea and he went to Union Theological Seminary in Richmond. After a year at home with my parents while teaching seven missionary kids in six grades (including my little sister), I returned to America by way of the TransSiberian R.R. across Russia and a summer in Europe. Tom met me at the boat in New York and we had a fun day seeing something of the Big Apple. He asked me to stop off from my train trip to Mississippi in Charlottesville to meet his mother. Still no word about love or marriage.

When I got to PSCE (Presbyterian School of Christian Education, across the street for Union Theological Seminary in Richmond, the romance picked up. Court⁴ing without a car and little money was not easy. Even the two date parlors in the school were without doors. We baby sat some for other semin^rarians and walked a lot.

Tom graduated one day and I the next and we were married the next week in Nashville, TN ~~WHEREXXXXXX~~ in my Aunt's living room. My parents were still in Korea.

Tom had a scrambled education and finished Seminary before his last year of college. This he took at Randolph Macon in Ashland while serving as the first resident pastor of the Ashland Presbyterian Church with its two chapels. He managed all this and was valedictorian of his class to boot.

Even from the first, our home was never just a twosome. My kid brother, Paul, coming from Korea, spent his senior year in High School with us while getting used to America before entering Davidson College in the fall. Soon after he left, Tom's mother came to live with us until she died many years later excepting the 2½ years we were missionaries in Korea. (in N. C. W. H. L. at)

Speaking of those years, they were just before the war with Japan (1938-40). It was a very tense time for missionaries as well as Korean Christians. Our first baby was born prematurely while we were in Seoul and died soon after. In spite of all this we managed to have some interesting and happy times in the orient. The Japanese had pegged the dollar at five to one yen. On the open market in China it went from eight to one to as much as twelve. The Japanese were courting favor at that time with the Chinese so they traded the Chinese dollar at par with the yen. Some smart missionary figured if we went to Peking we could trade our American salary and work ~~xxx~~ checks for Chinese dollars and then back into yen and come home with twice as much as we went. This was the only time I ever believed in Santa Clause. Tom and I made this trip more than once for the good of the cause. Because we were cut off from any news from abroad, we were totally unprepared to be notified on a Sunday that we were to leave the country on Monday with a steamer trunk and two suitcases. We left a 1½ room home beautifully furnished, but we were free. It was an important lesson in the real value of things.

Our next home was in Banner Elk, North Carolina surrounded by four mountains over a mile high..you may know about Beech Mt. if you ski. Tom was called as pastor of the town church and three mountain chapels. This was during the war and we had

Tommy, our oldest son was born just before we went to Banner Elk, and Florence our older daughter, was born ~~xxx~~ during our five years there. We enjoyed the interesting mix of that small remote community..with Lees McCrae college, and GrandFather Home for Children. *Harp.* and real live mountianeers and the townspeople. We came to love them all. Our little stone front manse was furnished in 'early attic' from generous members. We had four bedrooms upstairs and one bath down stairs. (imagine that with two babies)..Waterfor the laundry was heated on the stove. Our furnace was a hand stoked coal model of ancient origin. Our roof leaked..but, we had a beautiful view of Grandfather Mountain and bushels of apples on our trees and the best red rasberry patch in the world. We had a steady stream of company..family and friends.

From an altitude of 4000 ft, we moved after ^{fine} ~~four~~ years to New Orleans, 15 feet below sealevel in August and I was pregnant.. can you beat that combination? It cost me the loss of ~~a-XXXXXX~~ another pregnancy. ~~We~~ After we got over the cultural shock, we really enjoyed the cosmopolitan mix of that fascinating city. Tom was Home Mission Superintendant for the New Orleans Presbytery. His work brought him in close contact with the Chinese. Hungarian, Cajun. Black. French and German speaking churches and chapels. We entered into the life of the area and loved every bit of our eight years there. We went to MardiGras balls blessings of the shrimp fleet, Morning Call in the French Quarter and much, much more. Our big white framed house on Octavia St. was near St. Charles ave and the street car which was our main transportation although Tom had a car (without heater or airconditioner) for his professional use. We had a steady stream of company from all over. Some would buy us tickets to the Sugar Bowl for the use of a bed.

The big event in our life there was the successful birth of our premie twins on April Fools' Day. I was three months in the hospital before they were born and they were six weeks in incubators after, but it was worth it all. By this time my parents had retired and were living just off the beach in Gulfport..this was an added plus.

When the twins were four (everything in our live is B.T. and A.T. before and after the twins..Curtis and Marable have really changed our lives) For example, I had long hair that I could sit on..and very red..after a few weeks of the premie routine. I had it cut, never to be long again. When the twins were four we moved to A small town in N.C., Statesville where Tom was called to be Executive Secretary for Concord Presbytery with its 90 churches and chapels. We were there twelve years. Tommy and Florence graduated from Statesville Senior High^h right across the street from our beautifully furnished manse.

It was in Statesville that I became employed for the first time in the field ^{for} to which I had been trained—Director of Christian Education. for my own Statesville ^{First} Presbyterian Church. There were probably our happiest and most ~~pro~~ductive years.

Tom was four years from retirement when he felt the urge to be again a pastor of a small church. He had worked with small churches most of his ministry and wanted to end as a pastor. Have you lost your minds? said our friends to take a job for half the salary just when the twins were seniors in High School and facing college. However, we both really felt called to the work in Highland County. Tom as pastor of the four Presbyterian Churches and I as 'Church and Community worker' for the joint Methodist and Presbyterian effort to have a sustained Christian Education program for these small rural churches ^{in two frontiers}. They were very nappy and productive years. The young people we took on trips to the eastern shore to work with migrants are now the young adults who are the leaders in their churches. I also had fun starting the Highland County Crafts.

Mother Southall had died while we were in Statesville after several years of what we now call 'ALZhimers'. We were without extended family for two wonderful years when my father died and Mamma moved in with us and lived with us the rest of her life. Mamma moved with us from Statesville to Monterey and loved it.

Where to retire was the next question. Statesville was our choice. We had saved enough and inherited some which enabled us to buy our first home. I had never realized how nice it is to have a home of your own. We had a rose garden and banks of azaleas and lots of lovely growing things..including an herb garden at the kitchen door.

Mama was an invalid with Parkinson's disease the first four years of our retirement. I was glad not to be working so that I could care for her with the help of a nurse one shift. After she died some friends set me up in a framing shop. This opened a whole new world to me . It was named Southall Framing. ~~xxx~~

We were feeling very settled when our daughter, Marable, decided to marry an Augusta County farmer and they came to see us to say that they thought we should move to live near one of our children before we became too senile to make the adjustment. We were insulted and flattered at the same time. Just for the heck of it, we decided to test the waters and put our home on the market. It sold in a week and the buyers wanted occupancy in a month. That brought us to Staunton on Hill Top, then to a farmette on Moffett Creek (or Bull Creek) in the suburbs of Parnasus..from there we moved to a rented house on Hoover St. ^{S-aunton} We hope our next and last move will be to Sunnyside Presbyterian Home.

Tom So, What makes a happy Marriage ? Certainly not money..we have never had an easy time balancing the budget.

Its not possessions or things. We have learned not to be possessed by stuff no matter how valuable.

Our faith has been the center-board of our life together. With a sure faith comes hope which gives energy to face each new challenge and experience.

A sense of humor is the oil of gladness that makes us be able to laugh at ourselves and see the funny side in most any impossible situation.

Never havinging money to splurge, we have discovered the deep satisfaction in small rituals..a cup of coffee in bed before we start the day, an anniversary day drive down the part-way in May. and just being together has not lost its electricity.

Invest in friendships, young and old..they are life's real treasures. We have held on to friends in every place we have

lived. We don't give many gifts at Christmas, but the cards we send and receive are our real presents.

Look ahead but not too far, instead of backward. Don't carry the burden of regrets.

Lean on the Lord and He will show you the way..and richly bless your journey.

IN MEMORIAMDR. WILLIAM E. CRANEAthens, GeorgiaHonorably RetiredJuly 23, 1987

Dr. Crane was born in Yazoo City, Mississippi. He died in Athens Georgia on July 29, 1987. He was 87 years old.

DR. CRANE WAS A MAN OF EDUCATION. He was a graduate of Davidson College and Union Theological Seminary in Richmond, Virginia. He received additional training at Zenia Seminary and Princeton. Not only did he set high standards for his own formal education and his continual seeking of information, but he constantly challenged those about him to become fully educated.

DR. CRANE WAS A MAN OF CREATIVITY. He was the first person to receive a doctorate in counseling from Union Theological Seminary. He supplied our Presbyterian denomination with a new concept of Ministry, that of full-time Pastoral Counselor. In many regards he was a pioneer for this concept within many other denominations.

Dr. Crane was the first full-time Pastor of Counseling called by this Presbytery and Second Presbyterian Church of Knoxville. In that position he used his quiet sensitivity and influential creativity in guiding the Session and Church in structuring a central counseling committee and various sub-committees serving this ministry in Second Church and the Knoxville Community. In his position he served as co-pastor with the other two ministers in preparing couples for marriage. He became pastor to pastors in his

various training sessions for pastors of other denominations. In all of his ministry there he was always a pastor to Parents; a pastor to Families. Though it has been twenty-five years ago, I well remember how constructive and helpful he was to me and my family. And I still have other people remarking to me regarding his compassion and help to them during difficult periods in their lives.

DR. CRANE WAS A MAN OF SERVICE. During a 50-year period he held pastorates in Georgia, West Virginia and Tennessee. He was founder and director of the Pastoral Counseling Institute in Athens, Georgia. His service to others reached still more people at further distances removed when he authored and published his book on counseling entitled "Where God Comes In." Dr. Crane indeed was a pastor serving people, people of all ages, classes and colors.

DR. CRANE WAS A MAN OF CONFIDENCE. He ordered his own life by the deep conviction that confidence is a fundamental requirement of all counseling. In the years that I have known Bill Crane, I have never known him to break confidences.

Education, Creativity, Service, Confidence, admirable attributes all, and Dr. Crane had them all.

Dr. Crane is survived by his wife, Katharine Rowland Crane; two daughters, Effie Crane Rule and Katharine Crane Ross, fourteen grandchildren and twenty-two great grandchildren.

By Joseph J. Copeland,
Honorably Retired

